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# MUDFOG PAPERS

## AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EXTRACTED FROM

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY,

1837-1838.

# BENTLEY'S

# MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY,

NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1837.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

# EDITOR'S ADDRESS

## ON THE COMPLETION OF THE

## FIRST VOLUME.

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At the end of a theatrical season it is customary for the manager to step forward, and, in as few words as may be, to say how very much obliged he feels for all past favours, and how very ready he is to incur fresh obligations.

With a degree of candour which few managers would display, we cheerfully confess that we have been fairly inundated with *orders* during our six months' campaign; but so liberal are we, notwithstanding, that we place many of the very first authors of the day on our free list, and invite them to write for our establishment just as much paper as they think proper.

We have produced a great variety of novelties, some of which we humbly hope may become stock pieces, and all of which we may venture to say have been most successful; and, although we are not subject to the control of a licenser, we have eschewed everything political, personal, or ill-natured, with perhaps as much care as we could possibly have shown, even had we been under the watchful eye of the Lord Chamberlain himself.

We shall open our Second Volume, ladies and gentlemen, on the first day of July, One thousand eight hun-

dred and thirty-seven, when we shall have the pleasure of submitting a great variety of entirely new pieces for your judgment and approval. The company will be numerous, first-rate, and complete. The scenery will continue to be supplied by the creative pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank; the whole of the extensive and beautiful machinery will be, as heretofore, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Samuel Bentley, of Dorset-street, Fleet-street; and Mr. Richard Bentley, of New Burlington-street, has kindly consented to preside over the Treasury department, where he has already conducted himself with uncommon ability.

The stage management will again be confided, ladies and gentlemen, to the humble individual with the short name, who has now the honour to address you, and who hopes, for very many years to come, to appear before you in the same capacity. Permit him to add in sober seriousness, that it has been the constant and unremitting endeavour of himself and the proprietor to render this undertaking worthy of your patronage. That they have not altogether failed in their attempt, its splendid success sufficiently demonstrates; that they have no intention of relaxing in their efforts, its future Volumes we trust will abundantly testify.

"BOZ."

*London,*
*June,* 1837.

# BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

## OUR SONG OF THE MONTH.

No. I. January, 1837.

### The Bottle of St. Januarius.

I.

In the land of the citron and myrtle, we 're told
That the blood of a MARTYR is kept in a phial,
Which, though all the year round, it lie torpid and cold,
Yet grasp but the crystal, 'twill *warm* the first trial...
Be it fiction or truth, with your favourite FACT,
O, profound LAZZARONI ! I seek not to quarrel;
But indulge an old priest who would simply extract
From your legend, a lay—from your martyr, a moral.

II.

Lo ! with icicled beard JANUARIUS comes !
And the blood in his veins is all frozen and gelid,
And he beareth a bottle; but TORPOR benumbs
Every limb of the saint :—Would ye wish to dispel it ?
With the hand of good-fellowship grasp the hoar sage—
Soon his joints will relax and his pulse will beat quicker;
Grasp the *bottle* he brings—'twill grow warm, I 'll engage,
Till the frost of each heart lies dissolved in the LIQUOR !

*Probatum est.* P. PROUT.

WATER-GRASS-HILL, *Kal. Januarii.*

# PROLOGUE.

For us, and our Miscellany,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.
SHAKSPEARE, *with a difference.*

"DOCTOR," said a young gentleman to Dean Swift, "I intend to set up for a wit."

"Then," said the Doctor, "I advise you to sit down again."

The anecdote is unratified by a name, for the young gentleman continues to the present day to be anonymous, as he will, in all probability, continue to future time; and as for Dean Swift, his name, being merely that of a wit by profession, goes for nothing. We apprehend that the tale is not much better than what is to be read in the pages of Joe Miller.

But, supposing it true,—and the joke is quite bad enough to be authentic,—we must put in our plea that it is not to apply to us. The fact is absolutely undeniable that we originally advertised ourselves or rather our work as, the "Wits' Miscellany," —thereby indicating, beyond all doubt, that we of the Miscellany were WITS. It is our firm hope that the public, which is in general a most tender-hearted individual, will not give us a rebuff similar to that which the unnamed young gentleman experienced at the hands, or the tongue, of the implacable Dean of St. Patrick.

It has been frequently remarked,—and indeed we have more than fifty times experienced the fact ourselves,—that of all the stupid dinner-parties, by far the stupidest is that at which the cleverest men in all the world do congregate. A single lion is a pleasant show: he wags his tail in proper order; his teeth are displayed in due course; his hide is systematically admired, and his mane fitly appreciated. If he roars, good! — if he aggravates his voice to the note of a sucking-dove, better! All look on in the appropriate mood of delight, as Theseus and Hippolita, enraptured at the dramatic performance of Snug the Joiner. But when there comes a menagerie of lions, the case is altered. Too much familiarity, as the lawyers say in their peculiar jargon, begets contempt. We recollect, many years ago, when some ingenious artist in Paris proposed to make Brussels lace or blonde by machinery at the rate of a *sou* per ell, to have congratulated a lady of our acquaintance on this important

saving in the main expenditure of the fair sex. "You will have," said we, "a cap which now costs four hundred francs for less than fifty. Think of that!"

"Think of that!" said the countess, casting upon us the darkest expression of indignation that her glowing eyes [and what eyes they were!—but no matter] could let loose,—"think of that, indeed! Do you think that I should ever wear such rags as are to be bought for fifty francs?"

There was no arguing the matter: it was useless to say that the fifty-franc article, if the plan had succeeded, (which, however, it did not,) would have been precisely and in every thread the same as that set down at five hundred. The crowd of fine things generated by cheapness, in general, was quite enough to dim the finery of any portion of them in particular.

We are much afraid that we run somewhat loose of our original design in these rambling remarks. But it is always easy to come back to the starting-post. Abandoning metaphor and figure of all kinds, we were endeavouring to express our conviction, drawn from experience, that a company of professed wits might be justly suspected to be a dull concern. Every man is on the alert to guard against surprise.

> Through all the seven courses laid down,
> Each jester looks sour on his brother;
> The wit dreads the punster's renown,
> The buffoon tries the mimic to smother:
> He who shines in the sharp repartee
> Envies him who can yarn a droll story;
> And the jolly bass voice in a glee
> Will think your adagio but snory.

This is, we admit at once, and in anticipation of the reader's already expressed opinion, a very poor imitation of the opening song of the Beggar's Opera.

If this melancholy fact of the stupidity of congregated wits be admitted to be true, the question comes irresistibly, thrown in our faces in the very language of the street, "Who are *you?* Have not you advertised yourselves as wits, and can you escape from the soft-headed impeachment?" We reply nothing; we stand mute. It will be our time this day twelvemonths to offer to the pensive public a satisfactory replication to that somewhat personal interrogatory. Yet—

Having in our minds, and the interior *sensoria* of our consciences, some portion of modesty yet lingering behind—how small that portion may be is best known to those who have campaigned for a few years upon the press, and thence learned the diffident mildness which naturally adheres to the pursuit of enlightening the public mind, and advancing the march of general intellect;—possessed, we say, of that quantity of retiring bashful-

ness, it is undeniable that, like one of the Passions in Collins's Ode,—we forget which, but we fear it is Fear,—we, after showing forth in the best public instructors as the Wits' Miscellany,

> Back recoiled,
> Scared at the sound ourselves had made.

To this resolution we were also led by the fact, that such a title would altogether exclude from our pages contributions of great merit — which, although exhibiting comic faculty, would also deal with the shadows of human life, and sound the deep wells of the heart.

We agreed that the work should not be called "The Wits'" any longer. We massacred the title as ruthlessly as ever were massacred its namesakes in Holland: and, agreeing to an *emendatio*, we now sail under the title of our worthy publisher, which happens to be the same as that of him who is by all *viri clarissimi* adopted as *criticorum longè doctissimus*, Ricardus Bentleius; or, to drop Latin lore—Richard Bentley.

Here then, ladies and gentlemen, we introduce to your special and particular notice

## BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

What may be in the Miscellany it is your business to find out. Here lie the goods, warehoused, bonded, ticketed, and labelled, at your service. You have only, with the Genius in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, to cry, "Fish, fish, do your duty;" and if they are under-cooked or over-cooked, if the seasoning is too high or the fire too low, if they be burnt on one side and raw on the other,—why, gentle readers, it is your business to complain. All we have to say here, is, that we have made our haul in the best fishing-grounds, and, if we were ambitious of pun-making, we might add, that we had well baited our *hooks*—caught some choice *souls*—flung our lines into right *places*—and so forth, as might easily be expanded by the students of Mr. Commissioner Dubois's art of punning made easy.

What we propose is simply this:—We do not envy the fame or glory of other monthly publications. Let them all have their room. We do not desire to jostle them in their course to fame or profit, even if it was in our power to do so. One may revel in the unmastered fun and the soul-touching feeling of Wilson, the humour of Hamilton, the dry jocularity and the ornamented poetry of Moir, the pathos of Warren, the tender sentiment of Caroline Bowles, the eloquence of Croly, and the Tory brilliancy of half a hundred contributors zealous in the cause of Conservatism. Another may shake our sides with the drolleries of Gilbert Gurney and his fellows, poured forth from

the inexhaustible reservoir of the wit of our contributor Theodore Hook,—captivate or agitate us by the Hibernian Tales of Mrs. Hall,—or rouse the gentlest emotions by the fascinating prose or delicious verse of our fairest of *collaborateuses* Miss Landon. In a third we must admire the polyglot facetiæ of our own Father Prout, and the delicate appreciation of the classical and elegant which pervades the writings of the Greek-thoughted Chapman; while its rough drollery, its bold bearing, its mirth, its learning, its courage, and its caricatures, (when, confined to the harmless and the mirth-provoking, they abstain from invading the sanctuary of private life,) are all deserving of the highest applause, though we should be somewhat sorry to stand in the way of receiving the consequences which they occasionally entail. Elsewhere, what can be better than Marryat, Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Midshipman Easy, or whatever other title pleases his ear; a Smollett of the sea revived, equal to the Doctor in wit, and somewhat purged of his grossness. In short, to all our periodical contemporaries we wish every happiness and success; and for those among their contributors whose writings tend to amuse or instruct,—and many among them there are to whom such praise may be justly applied,—we feel the highest honour and respect. We wish that we could catch them all, to illuminate our pages, without any desire whatever that their rays should be withdrawn from those in which they are at present shining.

Our path is single and distinct. In the first place, we have nothing to do with politics. We are so far Conservatives as to wish that all things which are good and honourable for our native country should be preserved with jealous hand. We are so far Reformers as to desire that every weed which defaces our conservatory should be unsparingly plucked up and cast away. But is it a matter of absolute necessity that people's political opinions should be perpetually obtruded upon public notice? Is there not something more in the world to be talked about than Whig and Tory? We do not quarrel with those who find or make it their vocation to show us annually, or quarterly, or hebdomadally, or diurnally, how we are incontestably saved or ruined; they have chosen their line of walk, and a pleasant one no doubt it is; but, for our softer feet may it not be permitted to pick out a smoother and a greener promenade,—a path of springy turf and odorous sward, in which no rough pebble will lacerate the ancle, no briery thorn penetrate the wandering sole?

Truce, however, to prefacing. We well know that speechmaking never yet won an election, because something more tangible than speechifying is requisite. So it is with books; and, indeed, so is it with every thing else in the world. We must be judged by our works. We have only one petition to

make, which is put in with all due humility,—it is this—that we are not to be pre-judged by this our first attempt. Nothing is more probable than that many of our readers, and they fair-going people too, will think this number a matter not at all to be commended; and we, with perfect modesty, suggest, on the other side, the propriety of their suspending their opinion as to our demerits until they see the next. And then——And then! Well!—what then? Why, we do not know: and, as it is generally ruled, that, when a man cannot speak, he is bound to sing, we knock ourselves down for a song.

## Our Opening Chaunt.

I.

Come round and hear, my public dear,
Come hear, and judge it gently,—
The prose so terse, and flowing verse,
Of us, the wits of Bentley.

II.

We offer not intricate plot
To muse upon intently;
No tragic word, no bloody sword,
Shall stain the page of Bentley.

III.

The tender song which all day long
Resounds so sentimént'ly,
Through wood and grove all full of love,
Will find no place in Bentley.

IV.

Nor yet the speech which fain would teach
All nations eloquéntly;—
'Tis quite too grand for us the bland
And modest men of Bentley.

V.

For science deep no line we keep,
We speak it reverénty;—
From sign to sign the sun may shine,
Untelescoped by Bentley.

VI.

Tory and Whig, in accents big,
May wrangle violéntly:
Their party rage shan't stain the page—
The neutral page of Bentley.

VII.

The scribe whose pen is mangling men
And women pestiléntly,
May take elsewhere his wicked ware,—
He finds no mart in Bentley.

VIII.

It pains us not to mark the spot
Where Dan may find his rént lie;
The Glasgow chiel may shout for Peel,
We know them not in Bentley.

IX.

Those who admire a merry lyre,—
Those who would hear attent'ly
A tale of wit, or flashing hit,—
Are ask'd to come to Bentley.

X.

Our hunt will be for grace and glee,
Where thickest may the scent lie;
At slashing pace begins the chase—
Now for the burst of Bentley.

George Cruikshank

# PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. TULRUMBLE,

## ONCE MAYOR OF MUDFOG.

Mudfog is a pleasant town—a remarkably pleasant town—situated in a charming hollow by the side of a river, from which river, Mudfog derives an agreeable scent of pitch, tar, coals, and rope-yarn, a roving population in oil-skin hats, a pretty steady influx of drunken bargemen, and a great many other maritime advantages. There is a good deal of water about Mudfog, and yet it is not exactly the sort of town for a watering-place, either. Water is a perverse sort of element at the best of times, and in Mudfog it is particularly so. In winter, it comes oozing down the streets and tumbling over the fields,—nay, rushes into the very cellars and kitchens of the houses, with a lavish prodigality that might well be dispensed with; but in the hot summer weather it *will* dry up, and turn green: and, although green is a very good colour in its way, especially in grass, still it certainly is not becoming to water; and it cannot be denied that the beauty of Mudfog is rather impaired, even by this trifling circumstance. Mudfog is a healthy place—very healthy;—damp, perhaps, but none the worse for that. It 's quite a mistake to suppose that damp is unwholesome: plants thrive best in damp situations, and why shouldn't men? The inhabitants of Mudfog are unanimous in asserting that there exists not a finer race of people on the face of the earth; here we have an indisputable and veracious contradiction of the vulgar error at once. So, admitting Mudfog to be damp, we distinctly state that it is salubrious.

The town of Mudfog is extremely picturesque. Limehouse and Ratcliffe Highway are both something like it, but they give you a very faint idea of Mudfog. There are a great many more public-houses in Mudfog,—more than in Ratcliffe Highway and Limehouse put together. The public buildings, too, are very imposing. We consider the Town-hall one of the finest specimens of shed architecture, extant: it is a combination of the pig-sty and tea-garden-box, orders; and the simplicity of its design is of surpassing beauty. The idea of placing a large window on one side of the door, and a small one on the other, is particularly happy. There is a fine bold Doric beauty, too, about the padlock and scraper, which is strictly in keeping with the general effect.

In this room do the mayor and corporation of Mudfog assemble together in solemn council for the public weal. Seated on the massive wooden benches, which, with the table in the centre, form the only furniture of the whitewashed apartment, the sage men of Mudfog spend hour after hour in grave deliberation. Here they settle at what hour of the night the

public-houses shall be closed, at what hour of the morning they shall be permitted to open, how soon it shall be lawful for people to eat their dinner on church-days, and other great political questions; and sometimes, long after silence has fallen on the town, and the distant lights from the shops and houses have ceased to twinkle, like far-off stars, to the sight of the boatmen on the river, the illumination in the two unequal-sized windows of the town-hall, warns the inhabitants of Mudfog that its little body of legislators, like a larger and better-known body of the same genus, a great deal more noisy, and not a whit more profound, are patriotically dozing away in company, far into the night, for their country's good.

Among this knot of sage and learned men, no one was so eminently distinguished, during many years, for the quiet modesty of his appearance and demeanour, as Nicholas Tulrumble, the well-known coal-dealer. However exciting the subject of discussion, however animated the tone of the debate, or however warm the personalities exchanged, (and even in Mudfog we get personal sometimes,) Nicholas Tulrumble was always the same. To say truth, Nicholas, being an industrious man, and always up betimes, was apt to fall asleep when a debate began, and to remain asleep till it was over, when he would wake up very much refreshed, and give his vote with the greatest complacency. The fact was, that Nicholas Tulrumble, knowing that everybody there, had made up his mind beforehand, considered the talking as just a long botheration about nothing at all; and to the present hour it remains a question, whether, on this point at all events, Nicholas Tulrumble was not pretty near right.

Time, which strews a man's head with silver, sometimes fills his pockets with gold. As he gradually performed one good office for Nicholas Tulrumble, he was obliging enough, not to omit the other. Nicholas began life in a wooden tenement of four feet square, with a capital of two and ninepence, and a stock in trade of three bushels and a-half of coals, exclusive of the large lump which hung, by way of sign-board, outside. Then he enlarged the shed, and kept a truck; then he left the shed, and the truck too, and started a donkey and a Mrs. Tulrumble; then he moved again and set up a cart; the cart was soon afterwards exchanged for a waggon; and so he went on, like his great predecessor Whittington—only without a cat for a partner—increasing in wealth and fame, until at last he gave up business altogether, and retired with Mrs. Tulrumble and family to Mudfog Hall, which he had himself erected, on something which he endeavoured to delude himself into the belief was a hill, about a quarter of a mile distant from the town of Mudfog.

About this time, it began to be murmured in Mudfog that Nicholas Tulrumble was growing vain and haughty; that prosperity and success had corrupted the simplicity of his manners,

and tainted the natural goodness of his heart; in short, that he was setting up for a public character, and a great gentleman, and affected to look down upon his old companions with compassion and contempt. Whether these reports were at the time well-founded, or not, certain it is that Mrs. Tulrumble very shortly afterwards started a four-wheel chaise, driven by a tall postilion in a yellow cap,—that Mr. Tulrumble junior took to smoking cigars, and calling the footman a "feller,"—and that Mr. Tulrumble from that time forth, was no more seen in his old seat in the chimney-corner of the Lighterman's Arms at night. This looked bad; but, more than this, it began to be observed that Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble attended the corporation meetings more frequently than heretofore; that he no longer went to sleep as he had done for so many years, but propped his eyelids open with his two fore-fingers; that he read the newspapers by himself at home; and that he was in the habit of indulging abroad in distant and mysterious allusions to "masses of people," and "the property of the country," and "productive power," and "the monied interest:" all of which denoted and proved that Nicholas Tulrumble was either mad, or worse; and it puzzled the good people of Mudfog amazingly.

At length, about the middle of the month of October, Mr. Tulrumble and family went up to London; the middle of October being, as Mrs. Tulrumble informed her acquaintance in Mudfog, the very height of the fashionable season.

Somehow or other, just about this time, despite the health-preserving air of Mudfog, the Mayor died. It was a most extraordinary circumstance; he had lived in Mudfog for eighty-five years. The corporation didn't understand it at all; indeed it was with great difficulty that one old gentleman, who was a great stickler for forms, was dissuaded from proposing a vote of censure on such unaccountable conduct. Strange as it was, however, die he did, without taking the slightest notice of the corporation; and the corporation were imperatively called upon to elect his successor. So, they met for the purpose; and being very full of Nicholas Tulrumble just then, and Nicholas Tulrumble being a very important man, they elected him, and wrote off to London by the very next post to acquaint Nicholas Tulrumble with his new elevation.

Now, it being November time, and Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble being in the capital, it fell out that he was present at the Lord Mayor's show and dinner, at sight of the glory and splendour whereof, he, Mr. Tulrumble, was greatly mortified, inasmuch as the reflection would force itself on his mind, that, had he been born in London instead of in Mudfog, he might have been a Lord Mayor too, and have patronised the judges, and been affable to the Lord Chancellor, and friendly with the Premier, and coldly condescending to the Secretary to the Treasury, and have dined with a flag behind his back, and done a great many

other acts and deeds which unto Lord Mayors of London peculiarly appertain. The more he thought of the Lord Mayor, the more enviable a personage he seemed. To be a King was all very well; but what was the King to the Lord Mayor! When the King made a speech, everybody knew it was somebody else's writing; whereas here was the Lord Mayor, talking away for half an hour—all out of his own head—amidst the enthusiastic applause of the whole company, while it was notorious that the King might talk to his parliament till he was black in the face without getting so much as a single cheer. As all these reflections passed through the mind of Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble, the Lord Mayor of London appeared to him the greatest sovereign on the face of the earth, beating the Emperor of Russia all to nothing, and leaving the Great Mogul immeasurably behind.

Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble was pondering over these things, and inwardly cursing the fate which had pitched his coal-shed in Mudfog, when the letter of the corporation was put into his hand. A crimson flush mantled over his face as he read it, for visions of brightness were already dancing before his imagination.

"My dear," said Mr. Tulrumble to his wife, "they have elected me, Mayor of Mudfog."

"Lor-a-mussy!" said Mrs. Tulrumble: "why, what's become of old Sniggs?"

"The late Mr. Sniggs, Mrs. Tulrumble," said Mr. Tulrumble sharply, for he by no means approved of the notion of unceremoniously designating a gentleman who had filled the high office of Mayor, as "old Sniggs,"—"The late Mr. Sniggs, Mrs. Tulrumble, is dead."

The communication was very unexpected; but Mrs. Tulrumble only ejaculated "Lor-a-mussy!" once again, as if a Mayor were a mere ordinary Christian, at which Mr. Tulrumble frowned gloomily.

"What a pity 'tan't in London, ain't it?" said Mrs. Tulrumble, after a short pause; "what a pity 'tan't in London, where you might have had a show."

"I *might* have a show in Mudfog, if I thought proper, I apprehend," said Mr. Tulrumble mysteriously.

"Lor! so you might, I declare," replied Mrs. Tulrumble.

"And a good one, too," said Mr. Tulrumble.

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulrumble.

"One which would rather astonish the ignorant people down there," said Mr. Tulrumble.

"It would kill them with envy," said Mrs. Tulrumble.

So it was agreed that his Majesty's lieges in Mudfog should be astonished with splendour, and slaughtered with envy, and that such a show should take place as had never been seen in that town, or in any other town before,—no, not even in London itself.

On the very next day after the receipt of the letter, down came

the tall postilion in a post-chaise,—not upon one of the horses, but inside—actually inside the chaise,—and, driving up to the very door of the town-hall, where the corporation were assembled, delivered a letter, written by the Lord knows who, and signed by Nicholas Tulrumble, in which Nicholas said, all through four sides of closely-written, gilt-edged, hot-pressed, Bath post letter-paper, that he responded to the call of his fellow-townsmen with feelings of heartfelt delight; that he accepted the arduous office which their confidence had imposed upon him; that they would never find him shrinking from the discharge of his duty; that he would endeavour to execute his functions with all that dignity which their magnitude and importance demanded; and a great deal more to the same effect. But even this was not all. The tall postilion produced from his right-hand top-boot, a damp copy of that afternoon's number of the county paper; and there, in large type, running the whole length of the very first column, was a long address from Nicholas Tulrumble to the inhabitants of Mudfog, in which he said that he cheerfully complied with their requisition, and, in short, as if to prevent any mistake about the matter, told them over again what a grand fellow he meant to be, in very much the same terms as those in which he had already told them all about the matter in his letter.

The corporation stared at one another very hard at all this, and then looked as if for explanation to the tall postilion, but as the tall postilion was intently contemplating the gold tassel on the top of his yellow cap, and could have afforded no explanation whatever, even if his thoughts had been entirely disengaged, they contented themselves with coughing very dubiously, and looking very grave. The tall postilion then delivered another letter, in which Nicholas Tulrumble informed the corporation, that he intended repairing to the town-hall, in grand state and gorgeous procession, on the Monday afternoon then next ensuing. At this, the corporation looked still more solemn; but, as the epistle wound up with a formal invitation to the whole body to dine with the Mayor on that day, at Mudfog Hall, Mudfog Hill, Mudfog, they began to see the fun of the thing directly, and sent back their compliments, and they 'd be sure to come.

Now there happened to be in Mudfog, as somehow or other there does happen to be, in almost every town in the British dominions, and perhaps in foreign dominions too—we think it very likely, but, being no great traveller, cannot distinctly say—there happened to be, in Mudfog a merry-tempered, pleasant-faced, good-for-nothing sort of vagabond, with an invincible dislike to manual labour, and an unconquerable attachment to strong beer and spirits, whom everybody knew, and nobody, except his wife, took the trouble to quarrel with, who inherited from his ancestors the appellation of Edward Twigger, and rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of Bottle-nosed Ned. He was drunk

upon the average once a day, and penitent upon an equally fair calculation once a month; and when he was penitent, he was invariably in the very last stage of maudlin intoxication. He was a ragged, roving, roaring kind of fellow, with a burly form, a sharp wit, and a ready head, and could turn his hand to anything when he chose to do it. He was by no means opposed to hard labour on principle, for he would work away at a cricket-match by the day together,—running, and catching, and batting, and bowling, and revelling in toil which would exhaust a galley-slave. He would have been invaluable to a fire-office; never was a man with such a natural taste for pumping engines, running up ladders, and throwing furniture out of two-pair-of-stairs' windows: nor was this the only element in which he was at home; he was a humane society in himself, a portable drag, an animated life-preserver, and had saved more people, in his time, from drowning, than the Plymouth life-boat, or Captain Manby's apparatus. With all these qualifications, notwithstanding his dissipation, Bottle-nosed Ned was a general favourite; and the authorities of Mudfog, remembering his numerous services to the population, allowed him in return to get drunk in his own way, without the fear of stocks, fine, or imprisonment. He had a general licence, and he showed his sense of the compliment by making the most of it.

We have been thus particular in describing the character and avocations of Bottle-nosed Ned, because it enables us to introduce a fact politely, without hauling it into the reader's presence with indecent haste by the head and shoulders, and brings us very naturally to relate, that on the very same evening on which Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble and family returned to Mudfog, Mr. Tulrumble's new secretary, just imported from London, with a pale face and light whiskers, thrust his head down to the very bottom of his neckcloth-tie, in at the tap-room door of the Lighterman's Arms, and enquiring whether one Ned Twigger was luxuriating within, announced himself as the bearer of a message from Nicholas Tulrumble, Esquire, requiring Mr. Twigger's immediate attendance at the hall, on private and particular business. It being by no means Mr. Twigger's interest to affront the Mayor, he rose from the fire-place with a slight sigh, and followed the light-whiskered secretary through the dirt and wet of Mudfog streets, up to Mudfog Hall, without further ado.

Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble was seated in a small cavern with a skylight, which he called his library, sketching out a plan of the procession on a large sheet of paper; and into the cavern the secretary ushered Ned Twigger.

"Well, Twigger!" said Nicholas Tulrumble, condescendingly.

There was a time when Twigger would have replied, "Well, Nick!" but that was in the days of the truck, and a couple of years before the donkey; so, he only bowed.

"I want you to go into training, Twigger," said Mr. Tulrumble.

"What for, sir?" enquired Ned, with a stare.

"Hush, hush, Twigger!" said the Mayor. "Shut the door, Mr. Jennings. Look here, Twigger."

As the Mayor said this, he unlocked a high closet, and disclosed a complete suit of brass armour, of gigantic dimensions.

"I want you to wear this, next Monday, Twigger," said the Mayor.

"Bless your heart and soul, sir!" replied Ned, "you might as well ask me to wear a seventy-four pounder, or a cast-iron boiler."

"Nonsense, Twigger! nonsense!" said the Mayor.

"I couldn't stand under it, sir," said Twigger; "it would make mashed potatoes of me, if I attempted it."

"Pooh, pooh, Twigger!" returned the Mayor. "I tell you I have seen it done with my own eyes, in London, and the man wasn't half such a man as you are, either."

"I should as soon have thought of a man's wearing the case of an eight-day clock to save his linen," said Twigger, casting a look of apprehension at the brass suit.

"It 's the easiest thing in the world," rejoined the Mayor.

"It 's nothing," said Mr. Jennings.

"When you 're used to it," added Ned.

"You do it by degrees," said the Mayor. "You would begin with one piece to-morrow, and two the next day, and so on, till you had got it all on. Mr. Jennings, give Twigger a glass of rum. Just try the breast-plate, Twigger. Stay; take another glass of rum first. Help me to lift it, Mr. Jennings. Stand firm, Twigger! There!—it isn't half as heavy as it looks, is it?"

Twigger was a good strong, stout fellow; so, after a great deal of staggering, he managed to keep himself up, under the breast-plate, and even contrived, with the aid of another glass of rum, to walk about in it, and the gauntlets into the bargain. He made a trial of the helmet, but was not equally successful, inasmuch as he tipped over instantly,—an accident which Mr. Tulrumble clearly demonstrated to be occasioned by his not having a counteracting weight of brass on his legs.

"Now, wear that with grace and propriety on Monday next," said Tulrumble, "and I'll make your fortune."

"I 'll try what I can do, sir," said Twigger.

"It must be kept a profound secret," said Tulrumble.

"Of course, sir," replied Twigger.

"And you must be sober," said Tulrumble; "perfectly sober."

Mr. Twigger at once solemnly pledged himself to be as sober as a judge, and Nicholas Tulrumble was satisfied, although, had we been Nicholas, we should certainly have exacted some pro-

mise of a more specific nature; inasmuch as, having attended the Mudfog assizes in the evening more than once, we can solemnly testify to having seen judges with very strong symptoms of dinner under their wigs. However, that's neither here nor there.

The next day, and the day following, and the day after that, Ned Twigger was securely locked up in the small cavern with the skylight, hard at work at the armour. With every additional piece he could manage to stand upright in, he had an additional glass of rum; and at last, after many partial suffocations, he contrived to get on the whole suit, and to stagger up and down the room in it, like an intoxicated effigy from Westminster Abbey.

Never was man so delighted as Nicholas Tulrumble; never was woman so charmed as Nicholas Tulrumble's wife. Here was a sight for the common people of Mudfog! A live man in brass armour! Why, they would go wild with wonder!

The day—*the* Monday—arrived.

If the morning had been made to order, it couldn't have been better adapted to the purpose. They never showed a better fog in London on Lord Mayor's day, than enwrapped the town of Mudfog on that eventful occasion. It had risen slowly and surely from the green and stagnant water with the first light of morning, until it reached a little above the lamp-post tops; and there it had stopped, with a sleepy, sluggish obstinacy, which bade defiance to the sun, who had got up very blood-shot about the eyes, as if he had been at a drinking-party over night, and was doing his day's work with the worst possible grace. The thick damp mist hung over the town like a huge gauze curtain. All was dim and dismal. The church-steeples had bidden a temporary adieu to the world below; and every object of lesser importance—houses, barns, hedges, trees, and barges—had all taken the veil.

The church-clock struck one. A cracked trumpet from the front-garden of Mudfog Hall produced a feeble flourish, as if some asthmatic person had coughed into it accidentally; the gate flew open, and out came a gentleman, on a moist-sugar coloured charger, intended to represent a herald, but bearing a much stronger resemblance to a court-card on horseback. This was one of the Circus people, who always came down to Mudfog at that time of the year, and who had been engaged by Nicholas Tulrumble expressly for the occasion. There was the horse, whisking his tail about, balancing himself on his hind-legs, and flourishing away with his fore-feet, in a manner which would have gone to the hearts and souls of any reasonable crowd. But a Mudfog crowd never was a reasonable one, and in all probability never will be. Instead of scattering the very fog with their shouts, as they ought most indubitably to have done, and were fully intended to do, by Nicholas Tulrumble, they no sooner recognised the herald, than they began to growl forth the most unqualified disapprobation at the bare notion of his riding

like any other man. If he had come out on his head indeed, or jumping through a hoop, or flying through a red-hot drum, or even standing on one leg with his other foot in his mouth, they might have had something to say to him; but for a professional gentleman to sit astride in the saddle, with his feet in the stirrups, was rather too good a joke. So, the herald was a decided failure, and the crowd hooted with great energy, as he pranced ingloriously away.

On the procession came. We are afraid to say how many supernumeraries there were, in striped shirts and black velvet caps, to imitate the London watermen, or how many base imitations of running-footmen, or how many banners, which, owing to the heaviness of the atmosphere, could by no means be prevailed on to display their inscriptions: still less do we feel disposed to relate how the men who played the wind instruments, looking up into the sky (we mean the fog) with musical fervour, walked through pools of water and hillocks of mud, till they covered the powdered heads of the running-footmen aforesaid with splashes, that looked curious, but not ornamental; or how the barrel-organ performer put on the wrong stop, and played one tune while the band played another; or how the horses, being used to the arena, and not to the streets, would stand still and dance, instead of going on and prancing;—all of which are matters which might be dilated upon to great advantage, but which we have not the least intention of dilating upon, notwithstanding.

Oh! it was a grand and beautiful sight to behold the corporation in glass coaches, provided at the sole cost and charge of Nicholas Tulrumble, coming rolling along, like a funeral out of mourning, and to watch the attempts the corporation made to look great and solemn, when Nicholas Tulrumble himself, in the four-wheel chaise, with the tall postilion, rolled out after them, with Mr. Jennings on one side to look like the chaplain, and a supernumerary on the other, with an old life-guardsman's sabre, to imitate the sword-bearer; and to see the tears rolling down the faces of the mob as they screamed with merriment. This was beautiful! and so was the appearance of Mrs. Tulrumble and son, as they bowed with grave dignity out of their coach-window to all the dirty faces that were laughing around them: but it is not even with this that we have to do, but with the sudden stopping of the procession at another blast of the trumpet, whereat, and whereupon, a profound silence ensued, and all eyes were turned towards Mudfog Hall, in the confident anticipation of some new wonder.

"They won't laugh now, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas Tulrumble.

"I think not, sir," said Mr. Jennings.

"See how eager they look," said Nicholas Tulrumble. "Aha! the laugh will be on our side now; eh, Mr. Jennings?"

"No doubt of that, sir," replied Mr. Jennings; and Nicholas

Tulrumble, in a state of pleasurable excitement, stood up in the four-wheel chaise, and telegraphed gratification to the Mayoress behind.

While all this was going forward, Ned Twigger had descended into the kitchen of Mudfog Hall for the purpose of indulging the servants with a private view of the curiosity that was to burst upon the town; and, somehow or other, the footman was so companionable, and the housemaid so kind, and the cook so friendly, that he could not resist the offer of the first-mentioned to sit down and take something — just to drink success to master in.

So, down Ned Twigger sat himself in his brass livery on the top of the kitchen-table; and in a mug of something strong, paid for by the unconscious Nicholas Tulrumble, and provided by the companionable footman, drank success to the Mayor and his procession; and, as Ned laid by his helmet to imbibe the something strong, the companionable footman put it on his own head, to the immeasurable and unrecordable delight of the cook and housemaid. The companionable footman was very facetious to Ned, and Ned was very gallant to the cook and housemaid by turns. They were all very cosy and comfortable; and the something strong went briskly round.

At last Ned Twigger was loudly called for, by the procession people: and, having had his helmet fixed on, in a very complicated manner, by the companionable footman, and the kind housemaid, and the friendly cook, he walked gravely forth, and appeared before the multitude.

The crowd roared—it was not with wonder, it was not with surprise; it was most decidedly and unquestionably with laughter.

"What!" said Mr. Tulrumble, starting up in the four-wheel chaise. "Laughing? If they laugh at a man in real brass armour, they'd laugh when their own fathers were dying. Why doesn't he go into his place, Mr. Jennings? What's he rolling down towards us for?—he has no business here!"

"I am afraid, sir——" faltered Mr. Jennings.

"Afraid of what, sir?" said Nicholas Tulrumble, looking up into the secretary's face.

"I am afraid he's drunk, sir;" replied Mr. Jennings.

Nicholas Tulrumble took one look at the extraordinary figure that was bearing down upon them; and then, clasping his secretary by the arm, uttered an audible groan in anguish of spirit.

It is a melancholy fact that Mr. Twigger having full licence to demand a single glass of rum on the putting on of every piece of the armour, got, by some means or other, rather out in his calculation in the hurry and confusion of preparation, and drank about four glasses to a piece instead of one, not to mention the something strong which went on the top of it. Whether the brass armour checked the natural flow of perspiration, and thus pre-

vented the spirit from evaporating, we are not scientific enough to know; but, whatever the cause was, Mr. Twigger no sooner found himself outside the gate of Mudfog Hall, than he also found himself in a very considerable state of intoxication; and hence his extraordinary style of progressing. This was bad enough, but, as if fate and fortune had conspired against Nicholas Tulrumble, Mr. Twigger, not having been penitent for a good calendar month, took it into his head to be most especially and particularly sentimental, just when his repentance could have been most conveniently dispensed with. Immense tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he was vainly endeavouring to conceal his grief by applying to his eyes a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief with white spots,—an article not strictly in keeping with a suit of armour some three hundred years old, or thereabouts.

"Twigger, you villain!" said Nicholas Tulrumble, quite forgetting his dignity, "go back!"

"Never," said Ned. "I 'm a miserable wretch. I 'll never leave you."

The by-standers of course received this declaration with acclamations of "That 's right, Ned; don't!"

"I don't intend it," said Ned, with all the obstinacy of a very tipsy man. "I 'm very unhappy. I 'm the wretched father of an unfortunate family; but I am very faithful, sir. I 'll never leave you." Having reiterated this obliging promise, Ned proceeded in broken words to harangue the crowd upon the number of years he had lived in Mudfog, the excessive respectability of his character, and other topics of the like nature.

"Here! will anybody lead him away?" said Nicholas: "if they 'll call on me afterwards, I 'll reward them well."

Two or three men stepped forward, with the view of bearing Ned off, when the secretary interposed.

"Take care! take care!" said Mr. Jennings. "I beg your pardon, sir; but they 'd better not go too near him, because, if he falls over, he 'll certainly crush somebody."

At this hint the crowd retired on all sides to a very respectful distance, and left Ned, like the Duke of Devonshire, in a little circle of his own.

"But, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas Tulrumble, "he 'll be suffocated."

"I 'm very sorry for it, sir," replied Mr. Jennings; "but nobody can get that armour off, without his own assistance. I 'm quite certain of it, from the way he put it on."

Here Ned wept dolefully, and shook his helmeted head, in a manner that might have touched a heart of stone; but the crowd had not hearts of stone, and they laughed heartily.

"Dear me, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas, turning pale at the possibility of Ned's being smothered in his antique costume—"Dear me, Mr. Jennings, can nothing be done with him?"

"Nothing at all," replied Ned, "nothing at all. Gentlemen, I'm an unhappy wretch. I'm a body, gentlemen, in a brass coffin." At this poetical idea of his own conjuring up, Ned cried so much that the people began to get sympathetic, and to ask what Nicholas Tulrumble meant by putting a man into such a machine as that; and one individual in a hairy waistcoat like the top of a trunk, who had previously expressed his opinion that if Ned hadn't been a poor man, Nicholas wouldn't have dared to do it, hinted at the propriety of breaking the four-wheel chaise, or Nicholas's head, or both, which last compound proposition the crowd seemed to consider a very good notion.

It was not acted upon, however, for it had hardly been broached, when Ned Twigger's wife made her appearance abruptly in the little circle before noticed, and Ned no sooner caught a glimpse of her face and form, than from the mere force of habit he set off towards his home just as fast as his legs would carry him; and that was not very quick in the present instance either, for, however ready they might have been to carry *him*, they couldn't get on very well under the brass armour. So, Mrs. Twigger had plenty of time to denounce Nicholas Tulrumble to his face: to express her opinion that he was a decided monster; and to intimate that, if her ill-used husband sustained any personal damage from the brass armour, she would have the law of Nicholas Tulrumble for manslaughter. When she had said all this with due vehemence, she posted after Ned, who was dragging himself along as best he could, and deploring his unhappiness in most dismal tones.

What a wailing and screaming Ned's children raised when he got home at last! Mrs. Twigger tried to undo the armour, first in one place, and then in another, but she couldn't manage it; so she tumbled Ned into bed, helmet, armour, gauntlets, and all. Such a creaking as the bedstead made, under Ned's weight in his new suit! It didn't break down though; and there Ned lay, like the anonymous vessel in the Bay of Biscay, till next day, drinking barley-water, and looking miserable: and every time he groaned, his good lady said it served him right, which was all the consolation Ned Twigger got.

Nicholas Tulrumble and the gorgeous procession went on together to the town-hall, amid the hisses and groans of all the spectators, who had suddenly taken it into their heads to consider poor Ned a martyr. Nicholas was formally installed in his new office, in acknowledgment of which ceremony he delivered himself of a speech, composed by the secretary, which was very long, and no doubt very good, only the noise of the people outside prevented anybody from hearing it, but Nicholas Tulrumble himself. After which, the procession got back to Mudfog Hall any how it could; and Nicholas and the corporation sat down to dinner.

But the dinner was flat, and Nicholas was disappointed.

They were such dull sleepy old fellows, that corporation. Nicholas made quite as long speeches as the Lord Mayor of London had done, nay, he said the very same things that the Lord Mayor of London had said, and the deuce a cheer the corporation gave him. There was only one man in the party who was thoroughly awake; and he was insolent, and called him Nick. Nick! What would be the consequence, thought Nicholas, of anybody presuming to call the Lord Mayor of London "Nick!" He should like to know what the sword-bearer would say to that; or the recorder, or the toast-master, or any other of the great officers of the city. They'd nick him.

But these were not the worst of Nicholas Tulrumble's doings; If they had been, he might have remained a Mayor to this day, and have talked till he lost his voice. He contracted a relish for statistics, and got philosophical; and the statistics and the philosophy together, led him into an act which increased his unpopularity and hastened his downfall.

At the very end of the Mudfog High-street, and abutting on the river-side, stands the Jolly Boatmen, an old-fashioned, low-roofed, bay-windowed house, with a bar, kitchen, and tap-room all in one, and a large fire-place with a kettle to correspond, round which the working men have congregated time out of mind on a winter's night, refreshed by draughts of good strong beer, and cheered by the sounds of a fiddle and tambourine: the Jolly Boatmen having been duly licensed by the Mayor and corporation, to scrape the fiddle and thumb the tambourine from time, whereof the memory of the oldest inhabitants goeth not to the contrary. Now Nicholas Tulrumble had been reading pamphlets on crime, and parliamentary reports,—or had made the secretary read them to him, which is the same thing in effect,—and he at once perceived that this fiddle and tambourine must have done more to demoralize Mudfog, than any other operating causes that ingenuity could imagine. So he read up for the subject, and determined to come out on the corporation with a burst, the very next time the licence was applied for.

The licensing day came, and the red-faced landlord of the Jolly Boatmen, walked into the town-hall, looking as jolly as need be, having actually put on an extra fiddle for that night, to commemorate the anniversary of the Jolly Boatmen's music licence. It was applied for in due form, and was just about to be granted as a matter of course, when up rose Nicholas Tulrumble, and drowned the astonished corporation in a torrent of eloquence. He descanted in glowing terms upon the increasing depravity of his native town of Mudfog, and the excesses committed by its population. Then, he related how shocked he had been, to see barrels of beer sliding down into the cellar of the Jolly Boatmen week after week; and how he had sat at a window opposite the Jolly Boatmen for two days together, to count the people who went in for beer between the hours of twelve and

one o'clock alone—which, by-the-bye, was the time at which the great majority of the Mudfog people dined. Then, he went on to state, how the number of people who came out with beer-jugs, averaged twenty-one in five minutes, which, being multiplied by twelve, gave two hundred and fifty-two people with beer-jugs in an hour, and multiplied again by fifteen (the number of hours during which the house was open daily) yielded three thousand seven hundred and eighty people with beer-jugs per day, or twenty-six thousand four hundred and sixty people with beer-jugs, per week. Then he proceeded to show that a tambourine and moral degradation were synonymous terms, and a fiddle and vicious propensities wholly inseparable. All these arguments he strengthened and demonstrated by frequent references to a large book with a blue cover, and sundry quotations from the Middlesex magistrates; and in the end, the corporation, who were posed with the figures, and sleepy with the speech, and sadly in want of dinner into the bargain, yielded the palm to Nicholas Tulrumble, and refused the music licence to the Jolly Boatmen.

But although Nicholas triumphed, his triumph was short. He carried on the war against beer-jugs and fiddles, forgetting the time when he was glad to drink out of the one, and to dance to the other, till the people hated, and his old friends shunned him. He grew tired of the lonely magnificence of Mudfog Hall, and his heart yearned towards the Lighterman's Arms. He wished he had never set up as a public man, and sighed for the good old times of the coal-shop, and the chimney-corner.

At length old Nicholas, being thoroughly miserable, took heart of grace, paid the secretary a quarter's wages in advance, and packed him off to London by the next coach. Having taken this step, he put his hat on his head, and his pride in his pocket, and walked down to the old room at the Lighterman's Arms. There were only two of the old fellows there, and they looked coldly on Nicholas as he proffered his hand.

"Are you going to put down pipes, Mr. Tulrumble?" said one.

"Or trace the progress of crime to 'baccer?" growled the other.

"Neither," replied Nicholas Tulrumble, shaking hands with them both, whether they would or not. "I've come down to say that I'm very sorry for having made a fool of myself, and that I hope you'll give me up, the old chair, again."

The old fellows opened their eyes, and three or four more old fellows opened the door, to whom Nicholas, with tears in his eyes, thrust out his hand too, and told the same story. They raised a shout of joy, that made the bells in the ancient church-tower vibrate again, and wheeling the old chair into the warm corner, thrust old Nicholas down into it, and ordered in the

very largest-sized bowl of hot punch, with an unlimited number of pipes, directly.

The next day, the Jolly Boatmen got the licence, and the next night, old Nicholas and Ned Twigger's wife led off a dance to the music of the fiddle and tambourine, the tone of which seemed mightily improved by a little rest, for they never had played so merrily before. Ned Twigger was in the very height of his glory, and he danced hornpipes, and balanced chairs on his chin, and straws on his nose, till the whole company, including the corporation, were in raptures of admiration at the brilliancy of his acquirements.

Mr. Tulrumble, junior, couldn't make up his mind to be anything but magnificent, so he went up to London and drew bills on his father; and when he had overdrawn, and got into debt, he grew penitent and came home again.

As to old Nicholas, he kept his word, and having had six weeks of public life, never tried it any more. He went to sleep in the town-hall at the very next meeting; and, in full proof of his sincerity, has requested us to write this faithful narrative. We wish it could have the effect of reminding the Tulrumbles of another sphere, that puffed-up conceit is not dignity, and that snarling at the little pleasures they were once glad to enjoy, because they would rather forget the times when they were of lower station, renders them objects of contempt and ridicule.

This is the first time we have published any of our gleanings from this particular source. Perhaps, at some future period, we may venture to open the chronicles of Mudfog.

Boz.

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## THE HOT WELLS OF CLIFTON.

Scrap, No. II. *Water-grass-hill.*

The "poems of Ossian," a celtic bard, and the "rhymes of Rowley," a Bristol priest, burst on the public at one and the same period; when the attention of literary men was for a time totally absorbed in discussing the respective discoveries of Macpherson and of Chatterton. "The fashion of this world passeth away;" and what once engaged so much notice is now sadly neglected. Indeed, had not Bonaparte taken a fancy to the ravings of the mad highlander, and had not Chatterton swallowed oxalic acid, probably far more brief had been the space both would have occupied in the memory of mankind. In the garret of Holborn, where the latter expired, the following *morceau* was picked up by an Irish housemaid (a native of this parish), who, in writing home to a sweetheart, converted it into an envelope for her letter. It thus came into my possession.

P. Prout.

# TO THE HOT WELLS OF CLIFTON,

IN PRAISE OF RUM-PUNCH.

A Triglot Ode, viz.

1. Πινδαρου περι ρευματος ᾠδη.
2. Horatii in fontem Bristolii carmen.
3. A Relick (unpublished) of "the unfortunate Chatterton."

| PINDAR. | HORACE. | CHATTERTON. |
|---|---|---|
| Πηγη Βριστολιας | O fons Bristolii | I ken your worth |
| Μαλλον εν υαλῳ | Hoc magis in vitro | "Hot wells" of Bristol, |
| Λαμπουσ' ανθεσι συν | Dulci digne mero | That bubble forth |
| Νεκταρος αξιη | Non sine floribus | As clear as crystal;... |
| Σ' αντλῶ | Vas impleveris | In parlour snug |
| Ρευματι πολλῳ | Undâ | I'd wish no hotter |
| Μίσγων | Mel solvente | To mix a jug |
| Και μελιτος πολυ. | Caloribus. | Of Rum and Water. |
| β. | II. | 2. |
| Ανηρ καν τις εραν | Si quis vel venerem | Doth Love, young chiel, |
| βουλεται η μαχαν | Aut prælia cogitat, | One's bosom ruffle? |
| Σοι Βακχου καθαρον | Is Bacchi calidos | Would any feel |
| Σοι διαχρωννυσει | Inficiet tibi | Ripe for a scuffle? |
| Φοινῳ | Rubro sanguine | The simplest plan |
| Θ' αιματι νᾶμα· | Rivos, | Is just to take a |
| Προθυμος τε | Fiet protinus | Well stiffened can |
| Ταχ' εσσεται. | Impiger! | Of old Jamaica. |
| γ. | III. | 3. |
| Σε φλεγμ' αιθαλοεν | Te flagrante bibax | Beneath the zone |
| Σειριου αστερος | Ore caniculâ | Grog in a pail or |
| Αρμοζει πλωτορι· | Sugit navita: tu | Rum—best alone— |
| Συ κρυος ηδυν εν | Frigus amabile | Delights the sailor. |
| Νησοις | Fessis vomere | The can he swills |
| Αντιλεσαισι | Mauris | Alone gives vigour |
| Ποιεις | Præbes ac | In the Antilles |
| Κ' αιθιοπων φυλῳ. | Homini nigro. | To white or nigger. |
| δ. | IV. | 4. |
| Κρηναις εν τε καλαις | Fies nobilium | Thy claims, O fount, |
| Εσσεαι αγλαη | Tu quoque fontium | Deserve attention: |
| Σ' εν κοιλῳ κυλακι | Me dicente; cavum | Henceforward count |
| Ενθεμενην εως | Dum calicem reples | On classic mention. |
| Υμνησω, | Urnamque | Right pleasant stuff |
| Λαλον εξ ου | Unde loquaces | Thine to the lip is... |
| Σον δε ρευμα καθαλλεται. | Lymphæ | We've had enough |
| | Desiliunt tuæ. | Of Aganippe's. |

# STRAY CHAPTERS.

BY "BOZ."

## CHAPTER I.

### THE PANTOMIME OF LIFE.

Before we plunge headlong into this paper, let us at once confess to a fondness for pantomimes—to a gentle sympathy with clowns and pantaloons—to an unqualified admiration of harlequins and columbines—to a chaste delight in every action of their brief existence, varied and many-coloured as those actions are, and inconsistent though they occasionally be with those rigid and formal rules of propriety which regulate the proceedings of meaner and less comprehensive minds. We revel in pantomimes—not because they dazzle one's eyes with tinsel and gold leaf; not because they present to us, once again, the well-beloved chalked faces, and goggle eyes of our childhood; not even because, like Christmas-day, and Twelfth-night, and Shrove Tuesday, and one's own birth-day, they come to us but once a-year;—our attachment is founded on a graver and a very different reason. A pantomime is to us, a mirror of life; nay more, we maintain that it is so to audiences generally, although they are not aware of it; and that this very circumstance is the secret cause of their amusement and delight.

Let us take a slight example. The scene is a street: an elderly gentleman, with a large face, and strongly marked features, appears. His countenance beams with a sunny smile, and a perpetual dimple is on his broad red cheek. He is evidently an opulent elderly gentleman, comfortable in circumstances, and well to do in the world. He is not unmindful of the adornment of his person, for he is richly, not to say gaudily dressed; and that he indulges to a reasonable extent in the pleasures of the table, may be inferred from the joyous and oily manner in which he rubs his stomach, by way of informing the audience that he is going home to dinner. In the fullness of his heart, in the fancied security of wealth, in the possession and enjoyment of all the good things of life, the elderly gentleman suddenly loses his footing, and stumbles. How the audience roar! He is set upon by a noisy and officious crowd, who buffet and cuff him unmercifully. They scream with delight! Every time the elderly gentleman struggles to get up, his relentless persecutors knock him down again. The spectators are convulsed with merriment! And when at last the elderly gentleman does get up, and staggers away, despoiled of hat, wig, and clothing, himself battered to pieces, and his watch and money gone, they are exhausted with laughter, and express their merriment and admiration in rounds of applause.

Is this like life? Change the scene to any real street;—to the Stock Exchange, or the City banker's; the merchant's

counting-house, or even the tradesman's shop. See any one of these men fall,—the more suddenly, and the nearer the zenith of his pride and riches, the better. What a wild hallo is raised over his prostrate carcase by the shouting mob; how they whoop and yell as he lies humbled beneath them! Mark how eagerly they set upon him when he is down; and how they mock and deride him as he slinks away. Why, it is the pantomime to the very letter.

Of all the pantomimic *dramatis personæ*, we consider the pantaloon the most worthless and debauched. Independent of the dislike, one naturally feels at seeing a gentleman of his years engaged in pursuits highly unbecoming his gravity and time of life, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that he is a treacherous worldly-minded old villain, constantly enticing his younger companion, the clown, into acts of fraud or petty larceny, and generally standing aside to watch the result of the enterprise: if it be successful, he never forgets to return for his share of the spoil; but if it turn out a failure, he generally retires with remarkable caution and expedition, and keeps carefully aloof until the affair has blown over. His amorous propensities, too, are eminently disagreeable; and his mode of addressing ladies in the open street at noon-day is downright improper, being usually neither more nor less than a perceptible tickling of the aforesaid ladies in the waist, after committing which, he starts back, manifestly ashamed (as well he may be) of his own indecorum and temerity; continuing, nevertheless, to ogle and beckon to them from a distance in a very unpleasant and immoral manner.

Is there any man who cannot count a dozen pantaloons in his own social circle? Is there any man who has not seen them swarming at the west end of the town on a sunshiny day or a summer's evening, going through the last-named pantomimic feats with as much liquorish energy, and as total an absence of reserve, as if they were on the very stage itself? We can tell upon our fingers a dozen pantaloons of our acquaintance at this moment — capital pantaloons, who have been performing all kinds of strange freaks, to the great amusement of their friends and acquaintance, for years past; and who to this day are making such comical and ineffectual attempts to be young and dissolute, that all beholders are like to die with laughter.

Take that old gentleman who has just emerged from the *Café de l'Europe* in the Haymarket, where he has been dining at the expense of the young man upon town with whom he shakes hands as they part at the door of the tavern. The affected warmth of that shake of the hand, the courteous nod, the obvious recollection of the dinner, the savoury flavour of which, still hangs upon his lips, are all characteristics of his great prototype. He hobbles away humming an opera tune, and twirling his cane to and fro, with affected carelessness.

Suddenly he stops—'tis at the milliner's window. He peeps through one of the large panes of glass; and, his view of the ladies within being obstructed by the India shawls, directs his attentions to the young girl with the bandbox in her hand, who is gazing in at the window also. See! he draws beside her. He coughs; she turns away from him. He draws near her again; she disregards him. He gleefully chucks her under the chin, and, retreating a few steps, nods and beckons with fantastic grimaces, while the girl bestows a contemptuous and supercilious look upon his wrinkled visage. She turns away with a flounce, and the old gentleman trots after her with a toothless chuckle. The pantaloon to the life!

But the close resemblance which the clowns of the stage bear to those of every-day life, is perfectly extraordinary. Some people talk with a sigh of the decline of pantomime, and murmur in low and dismal tones the name of Grimaldi. We mean no disparagement to the worthy and excellent old man when we say, that this is downright nonsense. Clowns that beat Grimaldi all to nothing turn up every day, and nobody patronises them—more 's the pity!

"I know who you mean," says some dirty-faced patron of Mr. Osbaldistone's, laying down the Miscellany when he has got thus far; and bestowing upon vacancy a most knowing glance: "you mean C. J. Smith as did Guy Fawkes, and George Barnwell, at the Garden." The dirty-faced gentleman has hardly uttered the words when he is interrupted by a young gentleman in no shirt-collar and a Petersham coat. "No, no," says the young gentleman; "he means Brown, King, and Gibson, at the 'Delphi." Now, with great deference both to the first-named gentleman with the dirty face, and the last-named gentleman in the non-existing shirt-collar, we do *not* mean, either the performer who so grotesquely burlesqued the Popish conspirator, or the three unchangeables who have been dancing the same dance under different imposing titles, and doing the same thing under various high-sounding names, for some five or six years last past. We have no sooner made this avowal than the public, who have hitherto been silent witnesses of the dispute, inquire what on earth it is we *do* mean; and, with becoming respect, we proceed to tell them.

It is very well known to all play-goers and pantomime-seers, that the scenes in which a theatrical clown is at the very height of his glory are those which are described in the play-bills as "Cheesemonger's shop, and Crockery warehouse," or "Tailor's shop, and Mrs. Queertable's boarding-house," or places bearing some such title, where the great fun of the thing consists in the hero's taking lodgings which he has not the slightest intention of paying for, or obtaining goods under false pretences, or abstracting the stock-in-trade of the respectable shopkeeper next door, or robbing warehouse-porters as they pass under his win-

dow, or, to shorten the catalogue, in his swindling everybody he possibly can; it only remaining to be observed, that the more extensive the swindling is, and the more barefaced the impudence of the swindler, the greater the rapture and ecstasy of the audience. Now it is a most remarkable fact that precisely this sort of thing occurs in real life day after day, and nobody sees the humour of it. Let us illustrate our position by detailing the plot of this portion of the pantomime—not of the theatre, but of life.

The Honourable Captain Fitz-Whisker Fiercy, attended by his livery-servant Do'em,—a most respectable servant to look at, who has grown grey in the service of the captain's family,—views, treats for, and ultimately obtains possession of, the unfurnished house, such a number, such a street. All the tradesmen in the neighbourhood are in agonies of competition for the captain's custom; the captain is a good-natured, kind-hearted, easy man, and, to avoid being the cause of disappointment to any, he most handsomely gives orders to all. Hampers of wine, baskets of provisions, cart-loads of furniture, boxes of jewellery, supplies of luxuries of the costliest description, flock to the house of the Honourable Captain Fitz-Whisker Fiercy, where they are received with the utmost readiness by the highly respectable Do'em; while the captain himself struts and swaggers about with that compound air of conscious superiority, and general blood-thirstiness, which a military captain should always, and does most times wear, to the admiration and terror of plebeian men. But the tradesmen's backs are no sooner turned, than the captain, with all the eccentricity of a mighty mind, and assisted by the faithful Do'em, whose devoted fidelity is not the least touching part of his character, disposes of everything to great advantage; for, although the articles fetch small sums, still they are sold considerably above cost price, the cost to the captain having been nothing at all. After various manœuvres, the imposture is discovered, Fitz-Fiercy and Do'em are recognised as confederates, and the police-office to which they are both taken is thronged with their dupes.

Who can fail to recognise in this, the exact counterpart of the best portion of a theatrical pantomime — Fitz-Whisker Fiercy by the clown; Do'em by the pantaloon; and supernumeraries by the tradesmen? The best of the joke, too, is, that the very coal-merchant who is loudest in his complaints against the person who defrauded him, is the identical man who sat in the centre of the very front row of the pit last night and laughed the most boisterously at this very same thing,—and not so well done either. Talk of Grimaldi, we say again! Did Grimaldi, in his best days, ever do anything in this way equal to Da Costa?

The mention of this latter justly-celebrated clown reminds us of his last piece of humour, the fraudulently obtaining cer-

tain stamped acceptances from a young gentleman in the army. We had scarcely laid down our pen to contemplate for a few moments this admirable actor's performance of that exquisite practical joke, than a new branch of our subject flashed suddenly upon us. So we take it up again at once.

All people who have been behind the scenes, and most people who have been before them, know, that in the representation of a pantomime, a good many men are sent upon the stage for the express purpose of being cheated, or knocked down, or both. Now, down to a moment ago, we had never been able to understand for what possible purpose a great number of odd, lazy, large-headed men, whom one is in the habit of meeting here, and there, and everywhere, could ever have been created. We see it all, now. They are the supernumeraries in the pantomime of life; the men who have been thrust into it, with no other view than to be constantly tumbling over each other, and running their heads against all sorts of strange things. We sat opposite to one of these men at a supper-table, only last week. Now we think of it, he was exactly like the gentlemen with the pasteboard heads and faces, who do the corresponding business in the theatrical pantomimes; there was the same broad stolid simper—the same dull leaden eye—the same unmeaning, vacant stare; and whatever was said, or whatever was done, he always came in at precisely the wrong place, or jostled against something that he had not the slightest business with. We looked at the man across the table, again and again; and could not satisfy ourselves what race of beings to class him with. How very odd that this never occurred to us before!

We will frankly own that we have been much troubled with the harlequin. We see harlequins of so many kinds in the real living pantomime, that we hardly know which to select as the proper fellow of him of the theatres. At one time we were disposed to think that the harlequin was neither more nor less than a young man of family and independent property, who had run away with an opera-dancer, and was fooling his life and his means away in light and trivial amusements. On reflection, however, we remembered that harlequins are occasionally guilty of witty, and even clever acts, and we are rather disposed to acquit our young men of family and independent property, generally speaking, of any such misdemeanours. On a more mature consideration of the subject, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the harlequins of life are just ordinary men, to be found in no particular walk or degree, on whom a certain station, or particular conjunction of circumstances, confers the magic wand; and this brings us to a few words on the pantomime of public and political life, which we shall say at once, and then conclude; merely premising in this place, that we decline any reference whatever to the columbine: being in no wise satisfied of the nature of her connexion with her parti-coloured

lover, and not feeling by any means clear that we should be justified in introducing her to the virtuous and respectable ladies who peruse our lucubrations.

We take it that the commencement of a session of parliament is neither more nor less than the drawing up of the curtain for a grand comic pantomime; and that his Majesty's most gracious speech, on the opening thereof, may be not inaptly compared to the clown's opening speech of "Here we are!" "My lords and gentlemen, here we are!" appears, to our mind at least, to be a very good abstract of the point and meaning of the propitiatory address of the ministry. When we remember how frequently this speech is made, immediately after *the change* too, the parallel is quite perfect, and still more singular.

Perhaps the cast of our political pantomime never was richer than at this day. We are particularly strong in clowns. At no former time, we should say, have we had such astonishing tumblers, or performers so ready to go through the whole of their feats for the amusement of an admiring throng. Their extreme readiness to exhibit, indeed, has given rise to some ill-natured reflections; it having been objected that by exhibiting gratuitously through the country when the theatre is closed, they reduce themselves to the level of mountebanks, and thereby tend to degrade the respectability of the profession. Certainly Grimaldi never did this sort of thing; and though Brown, King, and Gibson have gone to the Surrey in vacation time, and Mr. C. J. Smith has ruralised at Sadler's Wells, we find no theatrical precedent for a general tumbling through the country, except in the gentleman, name unknown, who threw summersets on behalf of the late Mr. Richardson, and who is no authority either, because he had never been on the regular boards.

But, laying aside this question, which after all is a mere matter of taste, we may reflect with pride and gratification of heart on the proficiency of our clowns as exhibited in the season. Night after night will they twist and tumble about, till two, three, and four o'clock in the morning; playing the strangest antics, and giving each other the funniest slaps on the face that can possibly be imagined, without evincing the smallest tokens of fatigue. The strange noises, the confusion, the shouting and roaring, amid which all this is done, too, would put to shame the most turbulent sixpenny gallery that ever yelled through a boxing-night.

It is especially curious to behold one of these clowns compelled to go through the most surprising contortions by the irresistible influence of the wand of office, which his leader or harlequin holds above his head. Acted upon by this wonderful charm he will become perfectly motionless, moving neither hand, foot, nor finger, and will even lose the faculty of speech at an instant's notice; or, on the other hand, he will become all

life and animation if required, pouring forth a torrent of words without sense or meaning, throwing himself into the wildest and most fantastic contortions, and even grovelling on the earth and licking up the dust. These exhibitions are more curious than pleasing; indeed they are rather disgusting than otherwise, except to the admirers of such things, with whom we confess we have no fellow-feeling.

Strange tricks—very strange tricks—are also performed by the harlequin who holds for the time being, the magic wand which we have just mentioned. The mere waving it before a man's eyes will dispossess his brain of all the notions previously stored there, and fill it with an entirely new set of ideas; one gentle tap on the back will alter the colour of a man's coat completely; and there are some expert performers, who, having this wand held first on one side, and then on the other, will change from side to side, turning their coats at every evolution, with so much rapidity and dexterity, that the quickest eye can scarcely detect their motions. Occasionally, the genius who confers the wand, wrests it from the hand of the temporary possessor, and consigns it to some new performer; on which occasions all the characters change sides, and then the race and the hard knocks begin anew.

We might have extended this chapter to a much greater length—we might have carried the comparison into the liberal professions—we might have shown, as was in fact our original purpose, that each is in itself a little pantomime with scenes and characters of its own, complete; but, as we fear we have been quite lengthy enough already, we shall leave this chapter just where it is. A gentleman, not altogether unknown as a dramatic poet, wrote thus a year or two ago—

> "All the World's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players:"

and we, tracking out his footsteps at the scarcely-worth-mentioning little distance of a few millions of leagues behind, venture to add, by way of new reading, that he meant a Pantomime, and that we are all actors in The Pantomime of Life.

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## IMPROMPTU.

Who the *dickens* "Boz" could be
Puzzled many a learned elf;
Till time unveil'd the mystery,
And *Boz* appear'd as DICKENS' self!

C. J. DAVIDS.

# MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

Few writers obtained a larger share of notoriety during their lifetime than Samuel Foote. If the interest which he excited was not very profound, it was at any rate very generally diffused throughout the community. His witty sayings were in every one's mouth; his plays were the rage of the day; he was the constant guest of royalty, the Dukes of York and Cumberland being among his staunchest friends and patrons; and the "Sir Oracle" of all the *bons vivants* and would-be wits of the metropolis. Take up any light memoir of those days, and you shall scarcely find one that does not bear testimony to the powers of this incomparable humourist. Yet, what is he now? A name,—perhaps a great one,—but little more. His plays are seldom acted, though the best Major Sturgeon and Jerry Sneak that the stage ever had are still among us; and as seldom perused in the closet, or assuredly they would have been republished oftener than has been the case of late years.

We are induced, therefore, to give a brief memoir of our English Aristophanes, accompanied by as brief a criticism on his genius, such a task falling naturally, indeed almost necessarily, within the scope of our Miscellany. But enough of preface; "now to business," as Foote's own Vamp would say.

Samuel Foote was born at Truro in the year 1720. His family was of creditable extraction, his father being a gentleman of some repute in Cornwall as receiver of fines for the duchy; and his mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart. M. P. for Herefordshire. From this lady, whom he closely resembled in appearance and manner, he is supposed to have inherited that turn for "merry malice" for which he was famous above all his contemporaries. Mr. Cooke, in his notices of Foote, describes his mother as having been "the very model of her son Samuel,—short, fat, and flabby," and nearly equally remarkable for the broad humour of her conversation.

At an early age, young Foote was despatched to a school at Worcester, where he soon became notorious for his practical jokes and inveterate propensity to caricature. He was the leader in all the rebellions of the boys, and perpetrated much small mischief on his own private account. Among other of his freaks, it is stated that he was in the habit of anointing his master's lips with ink while he slept in the chair of authority, and then bewildering and overwhelming the good man with a host of grave apologies. Yet, with all this, he was attentive to his studies, reading hard by fits and starts; and left Worcester with the reputation of being that very ambiguous character—a "lad of parts."

At the usual period of life, Foote was entered of Worcester College, Oxford, where, as at school, his favourite amusement consisted in quizzing the authorities,—more especially the provost, who was a grave, pedantic scholar, of a vinegar turn of temperament. The following hoax is recorded as having been played off by him in his Freshman's year. In one of the villages near Oxford there was a church that stood close by a shady lane, through which cattle were in the habit of being driven to and fro from grass. From the steeple or belfry of this church dangled a rope, probably for the convenience of the ringers, which overhung the porch, and descended to

# STRAY CHAPTERS.

BY "BOZ."

## CHAPTER II.

### SOME PARTICULARS CONCERNING A LION.

We have a great respect for lions in the abstract. In common with most other people, we have heard and read of many instances of their bravery and generosity. We have duly admired that heroic self-denial and charming philanthropy, which prompts them never to eat people except when they are hungry, and we have been deeply impressed with a becoming sense of the politeness they are said to display towards unmarried ladies of a certain state. All natural histories teem with anecdotes illustrative of their excellent qualities; and one old spelling-book in particular recounts a touching instance of an old lion of high moral dignity and stern principle, who felt it his imperative duty to devour a young man who had contracted a habit of swearing, as a striking example to the rising generation.

All this is extremely pleasant to reflect upon, and indeed says a very great deal in favour of lions as a mass. We are bound to state, however, that such individual lions as we have happened to fall in with, have not put forth any very striking characteristics, and have not acted up to the chivalrous character assigned them by their chroniclers. We never saw a lion in what is called his natural state, certainly; that is to say, we have never met a lion out walking in a forest, or crouching in his lair under a tropical sun waiting till his dinner should happen to come by, hot from the baker's. But we have seen some under the influence of captivity and the pressure of misfortune; and we must say that they appeared to us very apathetic, heavy-headed fellows.

The lion at the Zoological Gardens, for instance. He is all very well; he has an undeniable mane, and looks very fierce; but, Lord bless us! what of that? The lions of the fashionable world look just as ferocious, and are the most harmless creatures breathing. A box-lobby lion or a Regent-street animal will put on a most terrible aspect, and roar fearfully, if you affront him; but he will never bite, and, if you offer to attack him manfully, will fairly turn tail and sneak off. Doubtless these creatures roam about sometimes in herds, and, if they meet any especially meek-looking and peaceably-disposed fellow, will endeavour to frighten him; but the faintest show of a vigorous resistance is sufficient to scare them even then. These are pleasant characteristics, whereas we make it matter of distinct charge against the Zoological lion and his brethren at the fairs, that they are sleepy, dreamy, sluggish quadrupeds.

We do not remember to have ever seen one of them perfectly awake, except at feeding-time. In every respect we uphold the

biped lions against their four-footed namesakes, and we boldly challenge controversy upon the subject.

With these opinions it may be easily imagined that our curiosity and interest were very much excited the other day, when a lady of our acquaintance called on us and resolutely declined to accept our refusal of her invitation to an evening party; "for," said she, "I have got a lion coming." We at once retracted our plea of a prior engagement, and became as anxious to go, as we had previously been to stay away.

We went early, and posted ourself in an eligible part of the drawing-room, from whence we could hope to obtain a full view of the interesting animal. Two or three hours passed, the quadrilles began, the room filled; but no lion appeared. The lady of the house became inconsolable,—for it is one of the peculiar privileges of these lions to make solemn appointments and never keep them,—when all of a sudden there came a tremendous double rap at the street-door, and the master of the house, after gliding out (unobserved as he flattered himself) to peep over the banisters, came into the room, rubbing his hands together with great glee, and cried out in a very important voice, "My dear, Mr. —— (naming the lion) has this moment arrived."

Upon this, all eyes were turned towards the door, and we observed several young ladies, who had been laughing and conversing previously with great gaiety and good-humour, grow extremely quiet and sentimental; while some young gentlemen, who had been cutting great figures in the facetious and small-talk way, suddenly sank very obviously in the estimation of the company, and were looked upon with great coldness and indifference. Even the young man who had been ordered from the music-shop to play the pianoforte, was visibly affected, and struck several false notes in the excess of his excitement.

All this time there was a great talking outside, more than once accompanied by a loud laugh, and a cry of "Oh, capital! excellent!" from which we inferred that the lion was jocose, and that these exclamations were occasioned by the transports of his keeper and our host. Nor were we deceived; for when the lion at last appeared, we overheard his keeper, who was a little prim man, whisper to several gentlemen of his acquaintance, with uplifted hands and every expression of half-suppressed admiration, that —— (naming the lion again) was in *such* cue to-night!

The lion was a literary one: of course there were a vast number of people present, who had admired his roarings, and were anxious to be introduced to him; and very pleasant it was to see them brought up for the purpose, and to observe the patient dignity with which he received all their patting and caressing. This brought forcibly to our mind what we had so often witnessed at country fairs, where the other lions are compelled to go through as many forms of courtesy as they chance

to be acquainted with, just as often as admiring parties happen to drop in upon them.

While the lion was exhibiting in this way, his keeper was not idle, for he mingled among the crowd, and spread his praises most industriously. To one gentleman he whispered some very choice thing that the noble animal had said in the very act of coming up stairs, which, of course, rendered the mental effort still more astonishing; to another he murmured a hasty account of a grand dinner that had taken place the day before, where twenty-seven gentlemen had got up all at once to demand an extra cheer for the lion; and to the ladies he made sundry promises of interceding to procure the majestic brute's sign-manual for their albums. Then, there were little private consultations in different corners, relative to the personal appearance and stature of the lion; whether he was shorter than they had expected to see him, or taller, or thinner, or fatter, or younger, or older; whether he was like his portrait or unlike it; and whether the particular shade of his eyes was black, or blue, or hazel, or green, or yellow, or mixture. At all these consultations the keeper assisted; and, in short, the lion was the sole and single subject of discussion till they sat him down to whist, and then the people relapsed into their old topics of conversation—themselves and each other.

We must confess that we looked forward with no slight impatience to the announcement of supper; for if you wish to see a tame lion under particularly favourable circumstances, feeding-time is the period of all others to pitch upon. We were therefore very much delighted to observe a sensation among the guests, which we well knew how to interpret, and immediately afterwards to behold the lion escorting the lady of the house down stairs. We offered our arm to an elderly female of our acquaintance, who—dear old soul!—is the very best person that ever lived, to lead down to any meal; for, be the room ever so small or the party ever so large, she is sure, by some intuitive perception of the eligible, to push and pull herself and conductor close to the best dishes on the table;—we say we offered our arm to this elderly female, and, descending the stairs shortly after the lion, were fortunate enough to obtain a seat nearly opposite him.

Of course the keeper was there already. He had planted himself at precisely that distance from his charge which afforded him a decent pretext for raising his voice, when he addressed him, to so loud a key as could not fail to attract the attention of the whole company, and immediately began to apply himself seriously to the task of bringing the lion out, and putting him through the whole of his manœuvres. Such flashes of wit as he elicited from the lion! First of all they began to make puns upon a salt-cellar, and then upon the breast of a fowl, and then upon the trifle; but the best jokes of all were decidedly on the

lobster-salad, upon which latter subject the lion came out most vigorously, and, in the opinion of the most competent authorities, quite outshone himself. This is a very excellent mode of shining in society, and is founded, we humbly conceive, upon the classic model of the dialogues between Mr. Punch and his friend the proprietor, wherein the latter takes all the up-hill work, and is content to pioneer to the jokes and repartees of Mr. P. himself, who never fails to gain great credit and excite much laughter thereby. Whatever it be founded on, however, we recommend it to all lions, present and to come; for in this instance it succeeded to admiration, and perfectly dazzled the whole body of hearers.

When the salt-cellar, and the fowl's breast, and the trifle, and the lobster-salad were all exhausted, and could not afford standing-room for another solitary witticism, the keeper performed that very dangerous feat which is still done with some of the caravan lions, although in one instance it terminated fatally, of putting his head in the animal's mouth, and placing himself entirely at its mercy. Boswell frequently presents a melancholy instance of the lamentable results of this achievement, and other keepers and jackals have been terribly lacerated for their daring. It is due to our lion to state, that he condescended to be trifled with, in the most gentle manner, and finally went home with the showman in a hack cab: perfectly peaceable, but slightly fuddled.

Being in a contemplative mood, we were led to make some reflections upon the character and conduct of this genus of lions as we walked homewards, and we were not long in arriving at the conclusion that our former impression in their favour was very much strengthened and confirmed by what we had recently seen. While the other lions receive company and compliments in a sullen, moody, not to say snarling manner, these appear flattered by the attentions that are paid them; while those conceal themselves to the utmost of their power from the vulgar gaze, these court the popular eye, and, unlike their brethren, whom nothing short of compulsion will move to exertion, are ever ready to display their acquirements to the wondering throng. We have known bears of undoubted ability who, when the expectations of a large audience have been wound up to the utmost pitch, have peremptorily refused to dance; well-taught monkeys, who have unaccountably objected to exhibit on the slack-wire; and elephants of unquestioned genius, who have suddenly declined to turn the barrel-organ: but we never once knew or heard of a biped lion, literary or otherwise,—and we state it as a fact which is highly creditable to the whole species, —who, occasion offering, did not seize with avidity on any opportunity which was afforded him, of performing to his heart's content on the first violin.

# BENTLEY'S

# MISCELLANY.

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# ADDRESS.

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Twelve months have elapsed since we first took the field, and every successive number of our Miscellany has experienced a warmer reception, and a more extensive circulation, than its predecessor.

In the opening of the new year, and the commencement of our new volume, we hope to make many changes for the better, and none for the worse; and, to show that, while we have one grateful eye to past patronage, we have another wary one to future favours; in short, that, like the heroine of the sweet poem descriptive of the faithlessness and perjury of Mr. John Oakhum, of the Royal Navy, we look two ways at once.

It is our intention to usher in the new year with a very merry greeting, towards the accomplishment of which end we have prevailed upon a long procession of distinguished friends to mount their hobbies on the

occasion, in humble imitation of those adventurous and aldermanic spirits who gallantly bestrode their foaming chargers on the memorable ninth of this present month, while

> "The stones did rattle underneath,
> As if Cheapside were mad."

These, and a hundred other great designs, preparations, and surprises, are in contemplation, for the fulfilment of all of which we are already bound in two volumes cloth, and have no objection, if it be any additional security to the public, to stand bound in twenty more.

BOZ.

30th November, 1837.

## FULL REPORT OF THE FIRST MEETING OF THE MUDFOG ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING.

We have made the most unparalleled and extraordinary exertions to place before our readers a complete and accurate account of the proceedings at the late grand meeting of the Mudfog association, holden in the town of Mudfog; it affords us great happiness to lay the result before them, in the shape of various communications received from our able, talented, and graphic correspondent, expressly sent down for the purpose, who has immortalised us, himself, Mudfog, and the association, all at one and the same time. We have been, indeed, for some days unable to determine who will transmit the greatest name to posterity; ourselves, who sent our correspondent down; our correspondent, who wrote an account of the matter; or the association, who gave our correspondent something to write about. We rather incline to the opinion that we are the greatest man of the party, inasmuch as the notion of an exclusive and authentic report originated with us; this may be prejudice: it may arise from a prepossession on our part in our own favour. Be it so. We have no doubt that every gentleman concerned in this mighty assemblage is troubled with the same complaint in a greater or less degree; and it is a consolation to us to know that we have at least this feeling in common with the great scientific stars, the brilliant and extraordinary luminaries, whose speculations we record.

We give our correspondent's letters in the order in which they reached us. Any attempt at amalgamating them into one beautiful whole, would only destroy that glowing tone, that dash of wildness, and rich vein of picturesque interest, which pervade them throughout.

"*Mudfog, Monday night, seven o'clock.*

"We are in a state of great excitement here. Nothing is spoken of, but the approaching meeting of the association. The inn-doors are thronged with waiters anxiously looking for the expected arrivals; and the numerous bills which are wafered up in the windows of private houses, intimating that there are beds to let within, give the streets a very animated and cheerful appearance, the wafers being of a great variety of colours, and the monotony of printed inscriptions being relieved by every possible size and style of hand-writing. It is confidently rumoured that Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy have engaged three beds and a sitting-room at the Pig and Tinder-box. I give you the rumour as it has reached me; but I cannot, as yet, vouch for its accuracy. The moment I have been enabled to obtain any certain information upon this interesting point, you may depend upon receiving it."

"*Half-past seven.*

"I HAVE just returned from a personal interview with the landlord of the Pig and Tinder-box. He speaks confidently of the probability of Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy taking up their residence at his house during the sitting of the association, but denies that the beds have been yet engaged; in which representation he is confirmed by the chambermaid,—a girl of artless manners, and interesting appearance. The boots denies that it is at all likely that Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy will put up here; but I have reason to believe that this man has been suborned by the proprietor of the Original Pig, which is the opposition hotel. Amidst such conflicting testimony it is difficult to arrive at the real truth; but you may depend upon receiving authentic information upon this point the moment the fact is ascertained. The excitement still continues. A boy fell through the window of the pastrycook's shop at the corner of the High-street about half an hour ago, which has occasioned much confusion. The general impression is, that it was an accident. Pray Heaven it may prove so!"

"*Tuesday, noon.*

"AT an early hour this morning the bells of all the churches struck seven o'clock; the effect of which, in the present lively state of the town, was extremely singular. While I was at breakfast, a yellow gig, drawn by a dark grey horse, with a patch of white over his right eyelid, proceeded at a rapid pace in the direction of the Original Pig stables; it is currently reported that this gentleman has arrived here for the purpose of attending the association, and, from what I have heard, I consider it extremely probable, although nothing decisive is yet known regarding him. You may conceive the anxiety with which we are all looking forward to the arrival of the four o'clock coach this afternoon.

"Notwithstanding the excited state of the populace, no outrage has yet been committed, owing to the admirable discipline and discretion of the police, who are nowhere to be seen. A barrel-organ is playing opposite my window, and groups of people, offering fish and vegetables for sale, parade the streets. With these exceptions everything is quiet, and I trust will continue so."

"*Five o'clock.*

"IT is now ascertained beyond all doubt that Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy will *not* repair to the Pig and Tinder-box, but have actually engaged apartments at the Original Pig. This intelligence is *exclusive;* and I leave you and your readers to draw their own inferences from it. Why Professor Wheezy, of all people in the world, should repair to the Original Pig in preference to the Pig and Tinder-box, it is not easy to conceive. The professor is a man who should be above all

such petty feelings. Some people here, openly impute treachery and a distinct breach of faith to Professors Snore and Doze; while others, again, are disposed to acquit them of any culpability in the transaction, and to insinuate that the blame rests solely with Professor Wheezy. I own that I incline to the latter opinion; and, although it gives me great pain to speak in terms of censure or disapprobation of a man of such transcendent genius and acquirements, still I am bound to say, that if my suspicions be well founded, and if all the reports which have reached my ears be true, I really do not well know what to make of the matter.

"Mr. Slug, so celebrated for his statistical researches, arrived this afternoon by the four o'clock stage. His complexion is a dark purple, and he has a habit of sighing constantly. He looked extremely well, and appeared in high health and spirits. Mr. Woodensconse also came down in the same conveyance. The distinguished gentleman was fast asleep on his arrival, and I am informed by the guard that he had been so, the whole way. He was, no doubt, preparing for his approaching fatigues; but what gigantic visions must those be, that flit through the brain of such a man, when his body is in a state of torpidity!

"The influx of visitors increases every moment. I am told (I know not how truly) that two post-chaises have arrived at the Original Pig within the last half-hour; and I myself observed a wheelbarrow, containing three carpet-bags and a bundle, entering the yard of the Pig and Tinder-box no longer ago than five minutes since. The people are still quietly pursuing their ordinary occupations; but there is a wildness in their eyes, and an unwonted rigidity in the muscles of their countenances, which shows to the observant spectator that their expectations are strained to the very utmost pitch. I fear, unless some very extraordinary arrivals take place to-night, that consequences may arise from this popular ferment, which every man of sense and feeling would deplore."

"*Twenty minutes past six.*

"I HAVE just heard that the boy who fell through the pastry-cook's window last night, has died of the fright. He was suddenly called upon to pay three and sixpence for the damage done, and his constitution, it seems, was not strong enough to bear up against the shock. The inquest, it is said, will be held to-morrow."

"*Three-quarters past seven.*

"PROFESSORS Muff and Nogo have just driven up to the hotel door; they at once ordered dinner with great condescension. We are all very much delighted with the urbanity of their manners, and the ease with which they adapt themselves to the forms and ceremonies of ordinary life. Immediately on their arrival they sent for the head-waiter, and privately re-

quested him to purchase a live dog,—as cheap a one as he could meet with,—and to send him up after dinner, with a pie-board, a knife and fork, and a clean plate. It is conjectured that some experiments will be tried upon the dog to-night; if any particulars should transpire, I will forward them by express."

"*Half-past eight.*

"The animal has been procured. He is a pug-dog, of rather intelligent appearance, in good condition, and with very short legs. He has been tied to a curtain-peg in a dark room, and is howling dreadfully."

"*Ten minutes to nine.*

"The dog has just been rung for. With an instinct which would appear almost the result of reason, the sagacious animal seized the waiter by the calf of the leg when he approached to take him, and made a desperate, though ineffectual resistance. I have not been able to procure admission to the apartment occupied by the scientific gentlemen; but, judging from the sounds which reached my ears when I stood upon the landing-place outside the door, just now, I should be disposed to say that the dog had retreated growling beneath some article of furniture, and was keeping the professors at bay. This conjecture is confirmed by the testimony of the ostler, who, after peeping through the keyhole, assures me that he distinctly saw Professor Nogo on his knees, holding forth a small bottle of prussic acid, to which the animal, who was crouched beneath an arm-chair, obstinately declined to smell. You cannot imagine the feverish state of irritation we are in, lest the interests of science should be sacrificed to the prejudices of a brute creature, who is not endowed with sufficient sense to foresee the incalculable benefits which the whole human race may derive from so very slight a concession on his part."

"*Nine o'clock.*

"The dog's tail and ears have been sent down stairs to be washed; from which circumstance we infer that the animal is no more. His forelegs have been delivered to the boots to be brushed, which strengthens the supposition."

"*Half after ten.*

"My feelings are so overpowered by what has taken place in the course of the last hour and a half, that I have scarcely strength to detail the rapid succession of events which have quite bewildered all those who are cognizant of their occurrence. It appears that the pug-dog mentioned in my last was surreptitiously obtained,—stolen, in fact,—by some person attached to the stable department, from an unmarried lady resident in this town. Frantic on discovering the loss of her favourite, the lady rushed distractedly into the street, calling in the most heart-rending and pathetic manner upon the passengers to re-

store her, her Augustus,—for so the deceased was named, in affectionate remembrance of a former lover of his mistress, to whom he bore a striking personal resemblance, which renders the circumstance additionally affecting. I am not yet in a condition to inform you what circumstances induced the bereaved lady to direct her steps to the hotel which had witnessed the last struggles of her *protegé*. I can only state that she arrived there, at the very instant when his detached members were passing through the passage on a small tray. Her shrieks still reverberate in my ears! I grieve to say that the expressive features of Professor Muff were much scratched and lacerated by the injured lady; and that Professor Nogo, besides sustaining several severe bites, has lost some handfuls of hair from the same cause. It must be some consolation to these gentlemen to know that their ardent attachment to scientific pursuits has alone occasioned these unpleasant consequences; for which the sympathy of a grateful country will sufficiently reward them. The unfortunate lady remains at the Pig and Tinder-box, and up to this time is reported in a very precarious state.

"I need scarcely tell you that this unlooked-for catastrophe has cast a damp and gloom upon us in the midst of our exhilaration; natural in any case, but greatly enhanced in this, by the amiable qualities of the deceased animal, who appears to have been much and deservedly respected by the whole of his acquaintance."

"*Twelve o'clock.*

"I TAKE the last opportunity before sealing my parcel to inform you that the boy who fell through the pastrycook's window is not dead, as was universally believed, but alive and well. The report appears to have had its origin in his mysterious disappearance. He was found half an hour since on the premises of a sweet-stuff maker, where a raffle had been announced for a second-hand seal-skin cap and a tambourine; and where—a sufficient number of members not having been obtained at first—he had patiently waited until the list was completed. This fortunate discovery has in some degree restored our gaiety and cheerfulness. It is proposed to get up a subscription for him without delay.

"Everybody is nervously anxious to see what to-morrow will bring forth. If any one should arrive in the course of the night, I have left strict directions to be called immediately. I should have sat up, indeed, but the agitating events of this day have been too much for me.

"No news yet, of either of the Professors Snore, Doze, or Wheezy. It is very strange!"

"*Wednesday afternoon.*

"ALL is now over; and, upon one point at least, I am at length enabled to set the minds of your readers at rest. The three professors arrived at ten minutes after two o'clock, and, instead of taking up their quarters at the Original Pig, as it was uni-

versally understood in the course of yesterday that they would assuredly have done, drove straight to the Pig and Tinder-box, where they threw off the mask at once, and openly announced their intention of remaining. Professor Wheezy *may* reconcile this very extraordinary conduct with *his* notions of fair and equitable dealing, but I would recommend Professor Wheezy to be cautious how he presumes too far upon his well-earned reputation. How such a man as Professor Snore, or, which is still more extraordinary, such an individual as Professor Doze, can quietly allow himself to be mixed up with such proceedings as these, you will naturally inquire. Upon this head, rumour is silent; I have my speculations, but forbear to give utterance to them just now."

"*Four o'clock.*

"The town is filling fast; eighteenpence has been offered for a bed, and refused. Several gentlemen were under the necessity last night of sleeping in the brick-fields, and on the steps of doors, for which they were taken before the magistrates in a body this morning, and committed to prison as vagrants for various terms. One of these persons I understand to be a highly-respectable tinker, of great practical skill, who had forwarded a paper to the president of Section D. Mechanical Science, on the construction of pipkins with copper bottoms and safety-valves, of which report speaks highly. The incarceration of this gentleman is greatly to be regretted, as his absence will preclude any discussion on the subject.

"The bills are being taken down in all directions, and lodgings are being secured on almost any terms. I have heard of fifteen shillings a week for two rooms, exclusive of coals and attendance, but I can scarcely believe it. The excitement is dreadful. I was informed this morning that the civil authorities, apprehensive of some outbreak of popular feeling, had commanded a recruiting sergeant and two corporals to be under arms; and that, with the view of not irritating the people unnecessarily by their presence, they had been requested to take up their position before daybreak in a turnpike, distant about a quarter of a mile from the town. The vigour and promptness of these measures cannot be too highly extolled.

"Intelligence has just been brought me, that an elderly female, in a state of inebriety, has declared in the open street her intention to 'do' for Mr. Slug. Some statistical returns compiled by that gentleman, relative to the consumption of raw spirituous liquors in this place, are supposed to be the cause of the wretch's animosity. It is added, that this declaration was loudly cheered by a crowd of persons who had assembled on the spot; and that one man had the boldness to designate Mr. Slug aloud by the opprobrious epithet of 'Stick-in-the-mud!' It is earnestly to be hoped that now, when the moment has arrived for their interference, the magistrates will not shrink from the

exercise of that power which is vested in them by the constitution of our common country."

"*Half-past ten.*

"THE disturbance, I am happy to inform you, has been completely quelled, and the ringleader taken into custody. She had a pail of cold water thrown over her, previous to being locked up, and expresses great contrition and uneasiness. We are all in a fever of anticipation about to-morrow; but, now that we are within a few hours of the meeting of the association, and at last enjoy the proud consciousness of having its illustrious members amongst us, I trust and hope everything may go off peaceably. I shall send you a full report of to-morrow's proceedings by the night coach."

"*Eleven o'clock.*

"I OPEN my letter to say that nothing whatever has occurred since I folded it up."

"*Thursday.*

"THE sun rose this morning at the usual hour. I did not observe anything particular in the aspect of the glorious planet, except that he appeared to me (it might have been a delusion of my heightened fancy) to shine with more than common brilliancy, and to shed a refulgent lustre upon the town, such as I had never observed before. This is the more extraordinary, as the sky was perfectly cloudless, and the atmosphere peculiarly fine. At half-past nine o'clock the general committee assembled, with the last year's president in the chair. The report of the council was read; and one passage, which stated that the council had corresponded with no less than three thousand five hundred and seventy-one persons, (all of whom paid their own postage,) on no fewer than seven thousand two hundred and forty-three topics, was received with a degree of enthusiasm which no efforts could suppress. The various committees and sections having been appointed, and the mere formal business transacted, the great proceedings of the meeting commenced at eleven o'clock precisely. I had the happiness of occupying a most eligible position at that time, in

"SECTION A.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

"GREAT ROOM, PIG AND TINDER-BOX.

"PRESIDENT—PROFESSOR SNORE. VICE-PRESIDENTS—PROFESSORS DOZE AND WHEEZY.

"The scene at this moment was particularly striking. The sun streamed through the windows of the apartments, and tinted the whole scene with its brilliant rays, bringing out in strong relief the noble visages of the professors and scientific gentlemen, who, some with bald heads, some with red heads, some with brown heads, some with grey heads, some with black heads, some with block heads, presented a *coup-d'œil* which no

eye-witness will readily forget. In front of these gentlemen were papers and inkstands; and round the room, on elevated benches extending as far as the forms could reach, were assembled a brilliant concourse of those lovely and elegant women for which Mudfog is justly acknowledged to be without a rival in the whole world. The contrast between their fair faces and the dark coats and trousers of the scientific gentlemen I shall never cease to remember while Memory holds her seat.

"Time having been allowed for a slight confusion, occasioned by the falling down of the greater part of the platforms, to subside, the president called on one of the secretaries to read a communication entitled, 'Some remarks on the industrious fleas, with considerations on the importance of establishing infant schools among that numerous class of society; of directing their industry to useful and practical ends; and of applying the surplus fruits thereof, towards providing for them a comfortable and respectable maintenance in their old age.'

"The Author stated, that, having long turned his attention to the moral and social condition of these interesting animals, he had been induced to visit an exhibition in Regent-street, London, commonly known by the designation of 'The Industrious Fleas.' He had there seen many fleas, occupied certainly in various pursuits and avocations, but occupied, he was bound to add, in a manner which no man of well-regulated mind could fail to regard with sorrow and regret. One flea, reduced to the level of a beast of burden, was drawing about a miniature gig, containing a particularly small effigy of his Grace the Duke of Wellington; while another was staggering beneath the weight of a golden model of his great adversary Napoleon Bonaparte. Some, brought up as mountebanks and ballet-dancers, were performing a figure-dance (he regretted to observe, that, of the fleas so employed, several were females); others were in training, in a small card-board box, for pedestrians,—mere sporting characters—and two were actually engaged in the cold-blooded and barbarous occupation of duelling; a pursuit from which humanity recoiled with horror and disgust. He suggested that measures should be immediately taken to employ the labour of these fleas as part and parcel of the productive power of the country, which might easily be done by the establishment among them of infant schools and houses of industry, in which a system of virtuous education, based upon sound principles, should be observed, and moral precepts strictly inculcated. He proposed that every flea who presumed to exhibit, for hire, music or dancing, or any species of theatrical entertainment, without a licence, should be considered a vagabond, and treated accordingly; in which respect he only placed him upon a level with the rest of mankind. He would further suggest that their labour should be placed under the control and regulation of the state, who should set apart from the profits, a fund for the support of

superannuated or disabled fleas, their widows and orphans. With this view, he proposed that liberal premiums should be offered for the three best designs for a general almshouse; from which —as insect architecture was well known to be in a very advanced and perfect state—we might possibly derive many valuable hints for the improvement of our metropolitan universities, national galleries, and other public edifices.

"The President wished to be informed how the ingenious gentleman proposed to open a communication with fleas generally, in the first instance, so that they might be thoroughly imbued with a sense of the advantages they must necessarily derive from changing their mode of life, and applying themselves to honest labour. This appeared to him, the only difficulty.

"The Author submitted that this difficulty was easily overcome, or rather that there was no difficulty at all in the case. Obviously the course to be pursued, if her Majesty's government could be prevailed upon to take up the plan, would be, to secure at a remunerative salary the individual to whom he had alluded as presiding over the exhibition in Regent-street at the period of his visit. That gentleman would at once be able to put himself in communication with the mass of the fleas, and to instruct them in pursuance of some general plan of education, to be sanctioned by Parliament, until such time as the more intelligent among them were advanced enough to officiate as teachers to the rest.

"The President and several members of the section highly complimented the author of the paper last read, on his most ingenious and important treatise. It was determined that the subject should be recommended to the immediate consideration of the council.

"Mr. Wigsby produced a cauliflower somewhat larger than a chaise-umbrella, which had been raised by no other artificial means than the simple application of highly carbonated soda-water as manure. He explained that by scooping out the head, which would afford a new and delicious species of nourishment for the poor, a parachute, in principle something similar to that constructed by M. Garnerin, was at once obtained: the stalk of course being kept downwards. He added that he was perfectly willing to make a descent from a height of not less than three miles and a quarter; and had in fact already proposed the same to the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, who in the handsomest manner at once consented to his wishes, and appointed an early day next summer for the undertaking; merely stipulating that the rim of the cauliflower should be previously broken in three or four places to ensure the safety of the descent.

"The President congratulated the public on the *grand gala* in store for them, and warmly eulogised the proprietors of the establishment alluded to, for their love of science, and regard for

the safety of human life, both of which did them the highest honour.

"A Member wished to know how many thousand additional lamps the royal property would be illuminated with, on the night after the descent.

"Mr. Wigsby replied that the point was not yet finally decided; but he believed it was proposed, over and above the ordinary illuminations, to exhibit in various devices eight millions and a half of additional lamps.

"The Member expressed himself much gratified with this announcement.

"Mr. Blunderum delighted the section with a most interesting and valuable paper 'on the last moments of the learned pig,' which produced a very strong impression upon the assembly, the account being compiled from the personal recollections of his favourite attendant. The account stated in the most emphatic terms that the animal's name was not Toby, but Solomon; and distinctly proved that he could have no near relatives in the profession, as many designing persons had falsely stated, inasmuch as his father, mother, brothers and sisters, had all fallen victims to the butcher at different times. An uncle of his, indeed, had with very great labour been traced to a sty in Somers Town; but as he was in a very infirm state at the time, being afflicted with measles, and shortly afterwards disappeared, there appeared too much reason to conjecture that he had been converted into sausages. The disorder of the learned pig was originally a severe cold, which, being aggravated by excessive trough indulgence, finally settled upon the lungs, and terminated in a general decay of the constitution. A melancholy instance of a presentiment entertained by the animal of his approaching dissolution, was recorded. After gratifying a numerous and fashionable company with his performances, in which no falling-off whatever, was visible, he fixed his eyes on the biographer, and, turning to the watch which lay on the floor, and on which he was accustomed to point out the hour, deliberately passed his snout twice round the dial. In precisely four-and-twenty hours from that time he had ceased to exist!

"Professor Wheezy inquired whether, previous to his demise, the animal had expressed, by signs or otherwise, any wishes regarding the disposal of his little property.

"Mr. Blunderum replied, that, when the biographer took up the pack of cards at the conclusion of the performance, the animal grunted several times in a significant manner, and nodded his head as he was accustomed to do, when gratified. From these gestures it was understood that he wished the attendant to keep the cards, which he had ever since done. He had not expressed any wish relative to his watch, which had accordingly been pawned by the same individual.

"The PRESIDENT wished to know whether any member of the section had ever seen or conversed with the pig-faced lady, who was reported to have worn a black velvet mask, and to have taken her meals from a golden trough.

"After some hesitation a Member replied that the pig-faced lady was his mother-in-law, and that he trusted the president would not violate the sanctity of private life.

"The PRESIDENT begged pardon. He had considered the pig-faced lady a public character. Would the honourable member object to state, with a view to the advancement of science, whether she was in any way connected with the learned pig?

"The Member replied in the same low tone, that, as the question appeared to involve a suspicion that the learned pig might be his half-brother, he must decline answering it.

"SECTION B.—ANATOMY AND MEDICINE.

"COACH-HOUSE, PIG AND TINDER-BOX.

"PRESIDENT—DR. TOORELL. VICE-PRESIDENTS—PROFESSORS MUFF AND NOGO.

"DR. KUTANKUMAGEN (of Moscow) read to the section a report of a case which had occurred within his own practice, strikingly illustrative of the power of medicine, as exemplified in his successful treatment of a virulent disorder. He had been called in to visit the patient on the 1st of April 1837. He was then labouring under symptoms peculiarly alarming to any medical man. His frame was stout and muscular, his step firm and elastic, his cheeks plump and red, his voice loud, his appetite good, his pulse full and round. He was in the constant habit of eating three meals *per diem*, and of drinking at least one bottle of wine, and one glass of spirituous liquors diluted with water, in the course of the four-and-twenty hours. He laughed constantly, and in so hearty a manner that it was terrible to hear him. By dint of powerful medicine, low diet, and bleeding, the symptoms in the course of three days perceptibly decreased. A rigid perseverance in the same course of treatment for only one week, accompanied with small doses of water-gruel, weak broth, and barley-water, led to their entire disappearance. In the course of a month he was sufficiently recovered to be carried down stairs by two nurses, and to enjoy an airing in a close carriage, supported by soft pillows. At the present moment he was restored so far as to walk about, with the slight assistance of a crutch and a boy. It would perhaps be gratifying to the section to learn that he ate little, drank little, slept little, and was never heard to laugh by any accident whatever.

"DR. W. R. FEE, in complimenting the honourable member upon the triumphant cure he had effected, begged to ask whether the patient still bled freely?

"DR. KUTANKUMAGEN replied in the affirmative.

"Dr. W. R. Fee.—And you found that he bled freely during the whole course of the disorder?

"Dr. Kutankumagen.—Oh dear, yes; most freely.

"Dr. Neeshawts supposed, that if the patient had not submitted to be bled with great readiness and perseverance, so extraordinary a cure could never, in fact, have been accomplished. Dr. Kutankumagen rejoined, certainly not.

"Mr. Knight Bell (M.R.C.S.) exhibited a wax preparation of the interior of a gentleman who in early life had inadvertently swallowed a door-key. It was a curious fact that a medical student of dissipated habits, being present at the *post mortem* examination, found means to escape unobserved from the room, with that portion of the coats of the stomach upon which an exact model of the instrument was distinctly impressed, with which he hastened to a locksmith of doubtful character, who made a new key from the pattern so shown to him. With this key the medical student entered the house of the deceased gentleman, and committed a burglary to a large amount, for which he was subsequently tried and executed.

"The President wished to know what became of the original key after the lapse of years. Mr. Knight Bell replied that the gentleman was always much accustomed to punch, and it was supposed the acid had gradually devoured it.

"Dr. Neeshawts and several of the members were of opinion that the key must have lain very cold and heavy upon the gentleman's stomach.

"Mr. Knight Bell believed it did at first. It was worthy of remark, perhaps, that for some years the gentleman was troubled with a night-mare, under the influence of which, he always imagined himself a wine-cellar door.

"Professor Muff related a very extraordinary and convincing proof of the wonderful efficacy of the system of infinitesimal doses, which the section were doubtless aware was based upon the theory that the very minutest amount of any given drug, properly dispersed through the human frame, would be productive of precisely the same result as a very large dose administered in the usual manner. Thus, the fortieth part of a grain of calomel was supposed to be equal to a five-grain calomel pill, and so on in proportion throughout the whole range of medicine. He had tried the experiment in a curious manner upon a publican who had been brought into the hospital with a broken head, and was cured upon the infinitesimal system in the incredibly short space of three months. This man was a hard drinker. He (Professor Muff) had dispersed three drops of rum through a bucket of water, and requested the man to drink the whole. What was the result? Before he had drunk a quart, he was in a state of beastly intoxication; and five other men were made dead-drunk with the remainder.

"The President wished to know whether an infinitesimal

dose of soda-water would have recovered them? Professor Muff replied that the twenty-fifth part of a tea-spoonful, properly administered to each patient would have sobered him immediately. The President remarked that this was a most important discovery, and he hoped the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen would patronise it immediately.

"A Member begged to be informed whether it would be possible to administer—say, the twentieth part of a grain of bread and cheese to all grown-up paupers, and the fortieth part to children, with the same satisfying effect as their present allowance.

"Professor Muff was willing to stake his professional reputation on the perfect adequacy of such a quantity of food to the support of human life—in workhouses; the addition of the fifteenth part of a grain of pudding twice a week, would render it a high diet.

"Professor Nogo called the attention of the section to a very extraordinary case of animal magnetism. A private watchman, being merely looked at by the operator from the opposite side of a wide street, was at once observed to be in a very drowsy and languid state. He was followed to his box, and being once slightly rubbed on the palms of the hands, fell into a sound sleep, in which he continued without intermission for ten hours.

"SECTION C.—STATISTICS.

"HAY-LOFT, ORIGINAL PIG.

"PRESIDENT—MR. WOODENSCONSE. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MR. LEDBRAIN AND MR. TIMBERED.

"Mr. Slug stated to the section the result of some calculations he had made with great difficulty and labour, regarding the state of infant education among the middle classes of London. He found that, within a circle of three miles from the Elephant and Castle, the following were the names and numbers of children's books principally in circulation:—

| | |
|---|---|
| "Jack the Giant-killer | 7,943 |
| Ditto and Bean-stalk | 8,621 |
| Ditto and Eleven Brothers | 2,845 |
| Ditto and Jill | 1,998 |
| Total | 21,407 |

"He found that the proportion of Robinson Crusoes to Philip Quarlls was as four and a half to one; and that the preponderance of Valentine and Orsons over Goody Two Shoeses was as three and an eighth of the former to half a one of the latter: a comparison of Seven Champions with Simple Simons gave the same result. The ignorance that prevailed, was lamentable. One child, on being asked whether he would rather be Saint George of England or a respectable tallow-chandler, instantly replied, 'Taint George of Ingling.' Another, a little boy of

eight years old, was found to be firmly impressed with a belief in the existence of dragons, and openly stated that it was his intention when he grew up, to rush forth sword in hand for the deliverance of captive princesses, and the promiscuous slaughter of giants. Not one child among the number interrogated had ever heard of Mungo Park,—some inquiring whether he was at all connected with the black man that swept the crossing; and others whether he was in any way related to the Regent's Park. They had not the slightest conception of the commonest principles of mathematics, and considered Sinbad the Sailor the most enterprising voyager that the world had ever produced.

"A Member strongly deprecating the use of all the other books mentioned, suggested that Jack and Jill might perhaps be exempted from the general censure, inasmuch as the hero and heroine, in the very outset of the tale, were depicted as going *up* a hill to fetch a pail of water, which was a laborious and useful occupation,—supposing the family linen was being washed, for instance.

"Mr. Slug feared that the moral effect of this passage was more than counterbalanced by another in a subsequent part of the poem, in which very gross allusion was made to the mode in which the heroine was personally chastised by her mother

"'For laughing at Jack's disaster;'

besides, the whole work had this one great fault, *it was not true.*

"The President complimented the honourable member on the excellent distinction he had drawn. Several other members, too, dwelt upon the immense and urgent necessity of storing the minds of children with nothing but facts and figures; which process the President very forcibly remarked, had made them (the section) the men they were.

"Mr. Slug then stated some curious calculations respecting the dogs'-meat barrows of London. He found that the total number of small carts and barrows engaged in dispensing provision to the cats and dogs of the metropolis, was one thousand seven hundred and forty-three. The average number of skewers delivered daily with the provender, by each dogs'-meat cart or barrow was thirty-six. Now, multiplying the number of skewers so delivered, by the number of barrows, a total of sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers daily would be obtained. Allowing that, of these sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers, the odd two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight were accidentally devoured with the meat, by the most voracious of the animals supplied, it followed that sixty thousand skewers per day, or the enormous number of twenty-one millions nine hundred thousand skewers annually, were wasted in the kennels and dust-holes of London; which, if collected and warehoused, would in ten years' time afford a mass of timber more than sufficient for the construction of a

first-rate vessel of war for the use of her Majesty's navy, to be called 'The Royal Skewer,' and to become under that name the terror of all the enemies of this island.

"Mr. X. Ledbrain read a very ingenious communication, from which it appeared that the total number of legs belonging to the manufacturing population of one great town in Yorkshire was, in round numbers, forty thousand, while the total number of chair and stool legs in their houses was only thirty thousand, which, upon the very favourable average of three legs to a seat, yielded only ten thousand seats in all. From this calculation it would appear,—not taking wooden or cork legs into the account, but allowing two legs to every person,—that ten thousand individuals (one-half of the whole population) were either destitute of any rest for their legs at all, or passed the whole of their leisure time in sitting upon boxes.

"SECTION D.—MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

"COACH HOUSE, ORIGINAL PIO.

"PRESIDENT—MR. CARTER. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MR. TRUCK AND MR. WAGHORN.

"Professor Queerspeck exhibited an elegant model of a portable railway, neatly mounted in a green case, for the waistcoat pocket. By attaching this beautiful instrument to his boots, any Bank or public-office clerk could transport himself from his place of residence to his place of business, at the easy rate of sixty-five miles an hour, which, to gentlemen of sedentary pursuits, would be an incalculable advantage.

"The President was desirous of knowing whether it was necessary to have a level surface on which the gentleman was to run.

"Professor Qeerspeck explained that City gentlemen would run in trains, being handcuffed together to prevent confusion or unpleasantness. For instance, trains would start every morning at eight, nine, and ten o'clock, from Camden Town, Islington, Camberwell, Hackney, and various other places in which City gentlemen are accustomed to reside. It would be necessary to have a level, but he had provided for this difficulty by proposing that the best line that the circumstances would admit of, should be taken through the sewers which undermine the streets of the metropolis, and which, well lighted by jets from the gas-pipes which run immediately above them, would form a pleasant and commodious arcade, especially in winter-time, when the inconvenient custom of carrying umbrellas, now so general, could be wholly dispensed with. In reply to another question, Professor Queerspeck stated that no substitute for the purposes to which these arcades were at present devoted had yet occurred to him, but that he hoped no fanciful objection on this head would be allowed to interfere with so great an undertaking.

"Mr. Jobba produced a forcing-machine on a novel plan, for

bringing joint-stock railway shares prematurely to a premium. The instrument was in the form of an elegant gilt weather-glass of most dazzling appearance, and was worked behind, by strings, after the manner of a pantomime trick, the strings being always pulled by the directors of the company to which the machine belonged. The quicksilver was so ingeniously placed, that when the acting directors held shares in their pockets, figures denoting very small expenses and very large returns appeared upon the glass; but the moment the directors parted with these pieces of paper, the estimate of needful expenditure suddenly increased itself to an immense extent, while the statements of certain profits became reduced in the same proportion. Mr. Jobba stated that the machine had been in constant requisition for some months past, and he had never once known it to fail.

"A Member expressed his opinion that it was extremely neat and pretty. He wished to know whether it was not liable to accidental derangement? Mr. Jobba said that the whole machine was undoubtedly liable to be blown up, but that was the only objection to it.

"Professor Nogo arrived from the anatomical section to exhibit a model of a safety fire-escape, which could be fixed at any time, in less than half an hour, and by means of which, the youngest or most infirm persons (successfully resisting the progress of the flames until it was quite ready) could be preserved if they merely balanced themselves for a few minutes on the sill of their bed-room window, and got into the escape without falling into the street. The Professor stated that the number of boys who had been rescued in the day-time by this machine from houses which were not on fire, was almost incredible. Not a conflagration had occurred in the whole of London for many months past to which the escape had not been carried on the very next day, and put in action before a concourse of persons.

"The President inquired whether there was not some difficulty in ascertaining which was the top of the machine, and which the bottom, in cases of pressing emergency?

"Professor Nogo explained that of course it could not be expected to act quite as well when there was a fire, as when there was not a fire; but in the former case he thought it would be of equal service whether the top were up or down."

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With the last section, our correspondent concludes his most able and faithful Report, which will never cease to reflect credit upon him for his scientific attainments, and upon us for our enterprising spirit. It is needless to take a review of the subjects which have been discussed; of the mode in which they have been examined; of the great truths which they have elicited. They are now before the world, and we leave them to read, to consider, and to profit.

The place of meeting for next year has undergone discussion, and has at length been decided; regard being had to, and evi-

dence being taken upon, the goodness of its wines, the supply of its markets, the hospitality of its inhabitants, and the quality of its hotels. We hope at this next meeting our correspondent may again be present, and that we may be once more the means of placing his communications before the world. Until that period we have been prevailed upon to allow this number of our Miscellany to be retailed to the public, or wholesaled to the trade, without any advance upon our usual price.

We have only to add, that the committees are now broken up, and that Mudfog is once again restored to its accustomed tranquillity,—that Professors and Members have had balls, and *soirées*, and suppers, and great mutual complimentations, and have at length dispersed to their several homes,—whither all good wishes and joys attend them, until next year!

Signed Boz.

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## A REMONSTRATORY ODE TO MR. CROSS.

BY JOYCE JOCUND.

Good Mr. Cross! we hate the fuss
And flames of your Vesuvius,
Whose roaring quite convinces us,
As each successive shock
Grows louder,
That you deem a dose of powder,
With its deafening noise,
As good as medicine given to girls and boys
Suffering with measles or small-pock;—
In short we do believe, beyond a doubt,
You physic us to bring th' ERUPTION—*out!*

In vain soft balmy sleep one courts,
On exhibition nights; all sorts
Of terrible and strange reports
Drive rest away, and mock it.
Think you our wives can quiet keep,
Or that a child *can* go to sleep
The while you "squib and *rocket*?"
I tell you, sir, I cannot count
The dangers to our daughters' fame;
But this I'll publish to their shame,
They find their *sparks*, and feel love's flame
Increasing in *a*-MOUNT!
And tho' I'm no amusement hater,
Yet, by my study of LAV-A-ter,
Vesuvius is a dangerous—*crater!*

Bethink you, on some gala night,
Whether you 'd much enjoy the sight
Of beasts and birds all taking flight,
And from the gardens, making out,
Should your ERUPTION, with its jars,
Just chance to break their cages' bars.
That were indeed a "breaking out"
And din
I rather think you 'd be for "driving in!"

Come, Mr. CROSS, for once do try
To be good-natured, and your name belie;
Indulge no more these furious fiery fits;
Let such freaks cease,
Blow up your Mount Vesuvius—all to *bits*,
And prithee let us have—"a LITTLE PEACE!"

## MEMOIR OF BEAU NASH.

Richard Nash—or Beau Nash, as he is commonly called—was born at Swansea, in the autumn of the year 1674. His father possessed a moderate income, which he derived from a partnership in a glass manufactory; and his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, a chivalrous old Cavalier, who was executed by order of Cromwell for defending Pembroke Castle against the assaults of the Roundheads. At the usual age young Nash was sent to a private school at Carmarthen, whence in due time he was transferred to Jesus College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by an extraordinary and precocious genius for intrigue and gallantry. Before he was seventeen, he had got himself into at least a dozen delicate dilemmas; and, but for the seasonable interference of his college tutor, would have married a female of abandoned character, whose wit and beauty had completely turned his brain.

Disheartened by such licentious conduct, his father abruptly recalled him from the university, and purchased him a commission in the army; a profession of which he soon grew weary, the more especially as he had little besides the slender pay of an ensign to support him. Finding, however, that it was necessary to make some sort of exertion in order to obtain a decent livelihood, our Beau entered himself as a law-student in the Temple, and for some months applied himself assiduously to study. But his natural volatility soon regained its usual ascendency over him, and, dismissing all thoughts of acquiring fortune and reputation as a lawyer, he set up for a man of wit and fashion about town, dressing, as one of his biographers observes, "to the very edge of his finances," exhibiting himself conspicuously in the side-boxes of the theatres, cultivating the acquaintance of young men of rank and wealth, and practising those arts of address and persuasion for which he was afterwards so celebrated.

It was while he was a student in the Temple that a circumstance occurred which gave a wondrous lift to his sense of self-importance, and brought him before the gay world in the very way he most preferred. It seems that it had been long the custom of the different inns of court to entertain our sovereigns on their accession to the crown with a dramatic pageant; and, on the accession of William the Third, Nash was appointed to conduct this entertainment, a task which he fulfilled so much to his Majesty's satisfaction, that he made him an offer of knighthood. But he refused this honour, at the same time hinting that he should have no objection to be made one of the Poor Knights of Windsor, for then he should have a fortune sufficient to maintain his new dignity. The King smiled, but took no further notice of this broad hint, for he was not one to give pensions without value received; and jokes, even of the first water, always ranked low in his estimation.

This affair of the pageant procured Nash many associates among the rich and the titled, who were delighted by his good-humoured vivacity, his easy assurance, his clever after-dinner stories, and his familiar acquaintance with the habits of town life. Many characteristic anecdotes are told of him at this gay period of his life. On one oc-

# FULL REPORT OF THE SECOND MEETING OF THE MUDFOG ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

In October last, we did ourselves the immortal credit of recording, at an enormous expense, and by dint of exertions unparalleled in the history of periodical publication, the proceedings of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything, which in that month held its first great half-yearly meeting, to the wonder and delight of the whole empire. We announced at the conclusion of that extraordinary and most remarkable Report, that when the Second Meeting of the Society should take place we should be found again at our post, renewing our gigantic and spirited endeavours, and once more making the world ring with the accuracy, authenticity, immeasurable superiority, and intense remarkability of our account of its proceedings. In redemption of this pledge, we caused to be despatched per steam to Oldcastle, (at which place this second meeting of the Society was held on the 20th instant,) the same superhumanly-endowed gentleman who furnished the former report, and who,—gifted by nature with transcendent abilities, and furnished by us with a body of assistants scarcely inferior to himself,—has forwarded a series of letters, which for faithfulness of description, power of language, fervour of thought, happiness of expression, and importance of subject-matter, have no equal in the epistolary literature of any age or country. We give this gentleman's correspondence entire, and in the order in which it reached our office.

*"Saloon of Steamer, Thursday night, half-past eight.*

"When I left New Burlington Street this evening in the hackney cabriolet, number four thousand two hundred and eighty-five, I experienced sensations as novel as they were oppressive. A sense of the importance of the task I had undertaken, a consciousness that I was leaving London, and, stranger still, going somewhere else, a feeling of loneliness and a sensation of jolting, quite bewildered my thoughts, and for a time rendered me even insensible to the presence of my carpet-bag and hat-box. I shall ever feel grateful to the driver of a Blackwall omnibus, who, by thrusting the pole of his vehicle through the small door of the cabriolet, awakened me from a tumult of imaginings that are wholly indescribable. But of such materials is our imperfect nature composed!

"I am happy to say that I am the first passenger on board, and shall thus be enabled to give you an account of all that

happens in the order of its occurrence. The chimney is smoking a good deal, and so are the crew; and the captain, I am informed, is very drunk in a little house upon deck, something like a black turnpike. I should infer from all I hear that he has got the steam up.

"You will readily guess with what feelings I have just made the discovery that my berth is in the same closet with those engaged by Professor Woodensconce, Mr. Slug, and Professor Grime. Professor Woodensconce has taken the shelf above me, and Mr. Slug and Professor Grime the two shelves opposite. Their luggage has already arrived. On Mr. Slug's bed is a long tin tube of about three inches in diameter, carefully closed at both ends. What can this contain? Some powerful instrument of a new construction, doubtless."

"*Ten minutes past nine.*

"Nobody has yet arrived, nor has anything fresh come in my way except several joints of beef and mutton, from which I conclude that a good plain dinner has been provided for to-morrow. There is a singular smell below, which gave me some uneasiness at first; but as the steward says it is always there, and never goes away, I am quite comfortable again. I learn from this man that the different sections will be distributed at the Black Boy and Stomach-ache, and the Boot-jack and Countenance. If this intelligence be true, (and I have no reason to doubt it,) your readers will draw such conclusions as their different opinions may suggest.

"I write down these remarks as they occur to me, or as the facts come to my knowledge, in order that my first impressions may lose nothing of their original vividness. I shall despatch them in small packets as opportunities arise."

"*Half-past nine.*

"Some dark object has just appeared upon the wharf. I think it is a travelling carriage."

"*A quarter to ten.*

"No, it isn't."

"*Half-past ten.*

"The passengers are pouring in every instant. Four omnibuses full have just arrived upon the wharf, and all is bustle and activity. The noise and confusion are very great. Cloths are laid in the cabins, and the steward is placing blue plates-full of knobs of cheese at equal distances down the centre of the tables. He drops a great many knobs; but, being used to it, picks them up again with great dexterity, and, after wiping them on his sleeve, throws them back into the plates. He is a young man of exceedingly prepossessing appearance,—either dirty or a mulatto, but I think the former.

"An interesting old gentleman who came to the wharf in an

omnibus has just quarrelled violently with the porters, and is staggering towards the vessel with a large trunk in his arms. I trust and hope that he may reach it in safety; but the board he has to cross is narrow and slippery. Was that a splash? Gracious powers!

"I have just returned from the deck. The trunk is standing upon the extreme brink of the wharf, but the old gentleman is nowhere to be seen. The watchman is not sure whether he went down or not, but promises to drag for him the first thing to-morrow morning. May his humane efforts prove successful!

"Professor Nogo has this moment arrived with his nightcap on under his hat. He has ordered a glass of cold brandy and water, with a hard biscuit and a bason, and has gone straight to bed. What can this mean!

"The three other scientific gentlemen to whom I have already alluded have come on board, and have all tried their beds, with the exception of Professor Woodensconce, who sleeps in one of the top ones, and can't get into it. Mr. Slug, who sleeps in the other top one, is unable to get out of his, and is to have his supper handed up by a boy. I have had the honour to introduce myself to these gentlemen, and we have amicably arranged the order in which we shall retire to rest; which it is necessary to agree upon, because, although the cabin is very comfortable, there is not room for more than one gentleman to be out of bed at a time, and even he must take his boots off in the passage.

"As I anticipated, the knobs of cheese were provided for the passengers' supper, and are now in course of consumption. Your readers will be surprised to hear that Professor Woodensconce has abstained from cheese for eight years, although he takes butter in considerable quantities. Professor Grime having lost several teeth, is unable, I observe, to eat his crusts without previously soaking them in his bottled porter. How interesting are these peculiarities!"

"*Half-past eleven.*

"Professors Woodensconce and Grime, with a degree of good humour that delights us all, have just arranged to toss for a bottle of mulled port. There has been some discussion whether the payment should be decided by the first toss or the best out of three. Eventually the latter course has been determined on. Deeply do I wish that both gentlemen could win; but that being impossible, I own that my personal aspirations (I speak as an individual, and do not compromise either you or your readers by this expression of feeling) are with Professor Woodensconce. I have backed that gentleman to the amount of eighteenpence."

"*Twenty minutes to twelve.*

"Professor Grime has inadvertently tossed his half-crown out of one of the cabin-windows, and it has been arranged that

the steward shall toss for him. Bets are offered on any side to any amount, but there are no takers.

"Professor Woodensconce has just called 'woman;' but the coin having lodged in a beam is a long time coming down again. The interest and suspense of this one moment are beyond anything that can be imagined."

*"Twelve o'clock.*

"The mulled port is smoking on the table before me, and Professor Grime has won. Tossing is a game of chance; but on every ground, whether of public or private character, intellectual endowments, or scientific attainments, I cannot help expressing my opinion that Professor Woodensconce *ought* to have come off victorious. There is an exultation about Professor Grime incompatible, I fear, with true greatness."

*"A quarter past twelve.*

"Professor Grime continues to exult, and to boast of his victory in no very measured terms, observing that he always does win, and that he knew it would be a 'head' beforehand, with many other remarks of a similar nature. Surely this gentleman is not so lost to every feeling of decency and propriety as not to feel and know the superiority of Professor Woodensconce. Is Professor Grime insane? or does he wish to be reminded in plain language of his true position in society, and the precise level of his acquirements and abilities? Professor Grime will do well to look to this."

*"One o'clock.*

"I am writing in bed. The small cabin is illuminated by the feeble light of a flickering lamp suspended from the ceiling; Professor Grime is lying on the opposite shelf on the broad of his back, with his mouth wide open. The scene is indescribably solemn. The rippling of the tide, the noise of the sailors' feet over-head, the gruff voices on the river, the dogs on the shore, the snoring of the passengers, and a constant creaking of every plank in the vessel, are the only sounds that meet the ear. With these exceptions, all is profound silence.

"My curiosity has been within the last moment very much excited. Mr. Slug, who lies above Professor Grime, has cautiously withdrawn the curtains of his berth, and, after looking anxiously out, as if to satisfy himself that his companions are asleep, has taken up the tin tube of which I have before spoken, and is regarding it with great interest. What rare mechanical combination can be contained in that mysterious case? It is evidently a profound secret to all."

*"A quarter past one.*

"The behaviour of Mr. Slug grows more and more mysterious. He has unscrewed the top of the tube, and now renews his observations upon his companions · evidently to make sure

that he is wholly unobserved. He is clearly on the eve of some great experiment. Pray heaven that it be not a dangerous one; but the interests of science must be promoted, and I am prepared for the worst."

*"Five minutes later.*

"He has produced a large pair of scissors, and drawn a roll of some substance, not unlike parchment in appearance, from the tin case. The experiment is about to begin. I must strain my eyes to the utmost, in the attempt to follow its minutest operation."

*"Twenty minutes before Two.*

"I have at length been enabled to ascertain that the tin tube contains a few yards of some celebrated plaster, recommended—as I discover on regarding the label attentively through my eye-glass—as a preservative against sea-sickness. Mr. Slug has cut it up into small portions, and is now sticking it over himself in every direction."

*"Three o'clock.*

"Precisely a quarter of an hour ago we weighed anchor, and the machinery was suddenly put in motion with a noise so appalling, that Professor Woodensconce (who had ascended to his berth by means of a platform of carpet bags arranged by himself on geometrical principles) darted from his shelf head foremost, and, gaining his feet with all the rapidity of extreme terror, ran wildly into the ladies' cabin, under the impression that we were sinking, and uttering loud cries for aid. I am assured that the scene which ensued baffles all description. There were one hundred and forty-seven ladies in their respective berths at the time.

"Mr. Slug has remarked, as an additional instance of the extreme ingenuity of the steam-engine as applied to purposes of navigation, that in whatever part of the vessel a passenger's berth may be situated, the machinery always appears to be exactly under his pillow. He intends stating this very beautiful, though simple discovery, to the association."

*"Half-past three.*

"We are still in smooth water; that is to say in as smooth water as a steam-vessel ever can be, for, as Professor Woodensconce (who has just woke up) learnedly remarks, another great point of ingenuity about a steamer is, that it always carries a little storm with it. You can scarcely conceive how exciting the jerking pulsation of the ship becomes. It is a matter of positive difficulty to get to sleep."

*"Friday afternoon, six o'clock.*

"I regret to inform you that Mr. Slug's plaster has proved of no avail. He is in great agony, but has applied several large

additional pieces notwithstanding. How affecting is this extreme devotion to science and pursuit of knowledge under the most trying circumstances!

"We were extremely happy this morning, and the breakfast was one of the most animated description. Nothing unpleasant occurred until noon, with the exception of Doctor Foxey's brown silk umbrella and white hat becoming entangled in the machinery while he was explaining to a knot of ladies the construction of the steam-engine. I fear the gravy soup for lunch was injudicious. We lost a great many passengers almost immediately afterwards."

"*Half-past six.*

"I AM again in bed. Anything so heart-rending as Mr. Slug's sufferings it has never yet been my lot to witness."

"*Seven o'clock.*

"A MESSENGER has just come down for a clean pocket-handkerchief from Professor Woodensconce's bag, that unfortunate gentleman being quite unable to leave the deck, and imploring constantly to be thrown overboard. From this man I understand that Professor Nogo, though in a state of utter exhaustion, clings feebly to the hard biscuit and cold brandy and water, under the impression that they will yet restore him. Such is the triumph of mind over matter.

"Professor Grime is in bed, to all appearance quite well; but he *will* eat, and it is disagreeable to see him. Has this gentleman no sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-creatures? If he has, on what principle can he call for mutton-chops—and smile?"

"*Black Boy and Stomach-ache, Oldcastle, Saturday noon.*

"YOU will be happy to learn that I have at length arrived here in safety. The town is excessively crowded, and all the private lodgings and hotels are filled with *savans* of both sexes. The tremendous assemblage of intellect that one encounters in every street is in the last degree overwhelming.

"Notwithstanding the throng of people here, I have been fortunate enough to meet with very comfortable accommodation on very reasonable terms, having secured a sofa in the first-floor passage at one guinea per night, which includes permission to take my meals in the bar, on condition that I walk about the streets at all other times, to make room for other gentlemen similarly situated. I have been over the outhouses intended to be devoted to the reception of the various sections, both here and at the Boot-jack and Countenance, and am much delighted with the arrangements. Nothing can exceed the fresh appearance of the saw-dust with which the floors are sprinkled. The forms are of unplaned deal, and the general effect, as you can well imagine, is extremely beautiful."

*" Half-past nine.*

" The number and rapidity of the arrivals are quite bewildering. Within the last ten minutes a stage-coach has driven up to the door, filled inside and out with distinguished characters, comprising Mr. Muddlebranes, Mr. Drawley, Professor Muff, Mr. X. Misty, Mr. X. X. Misty, Mr. Purblind, Professor Rummun, The Honourable and Reverend Mr. Long Eers, Professor John Ketch, Sir William Joltered, Doctor Buffer, Mr. Smith (of London), Mr. Brown (of Edinburgh), Sir Hookham Snivey, and Professor Pumpkinskull. The ten last-named gentlemen were wet through, and looked extremely intelligent."

*" Sunday, two o'clock, P.M.*

" The Honourable and Reverend Mr. Long Eers, accompanied by Sir William Joltered, walked and drove this morning. They accomplished the former feat in boots, and the latter in a hired fly. This has naturally given rise to much discussion.

" I have just learnt that an interview has taken place at the Boot-Jack and Countenance between Sowster, the active and intelligent beadle of this place, and Professor Pumpkinskull, who, as your readers are doubtless aware, is an influential member of the council. I forbear to communicate any of the rumours to which this very extraordinary proceeding has given rise until I have seen Sowster, and endeavoured to ascertain the truth from him."

*" Half-past six.*

" I engaged a donkey-chaise shortly after writing the above, and proceeded at a brisk trot in the direction of Sowster's residence, passing through a beautiful expanse of country with red brick buildings on either side, and stopping in the market-place to observe the spot where Mr. Kwakley's hat was blown off yesterday. It is an uneven piece of paving, but has certainly no appearance which would lead one to suppose that any such event had recently occurred there. From this point I proceeded—passing the gas-works and tallow-melter's—to a lane which had been pointed out to me as the beadle's place of residence; and before I had driven a dozen yards further, I had the good fortune to meet Sowster himself advancing towards me.

" Sowster is a fat man, with a more enlarged developement of that peculiar conformation of countenance which is vulgarly termed a double chin than I remember to have ever seen before. He has also a very red nose, which he attributes to a habit of early rising—so red, indeed, that but for this explanation I should have supposed it to proceed from occasional inebriety. He informed me that he did not feel himself at liberty to relate what had passed between himself and Professor Pumpkinskull,

but had no objection to state that it was connected with a matter of police regulation, and added with peculiar significance, 'Never wos sitch times!'

"You will easily believe that this intelligence gave me considerable surprise, not wholly unmixed with anxiety, and that I lost no time in waiting on Professor Pumpkinskull, and stating the object of my visit. After a few moments' reflection, the Professor, who, I am bound to say, behaved with the utmost politeness, openly avowed (I mark the passage in italics) *that he had requested Sowster to attend on the Monday morning at the Boot-jack and Countenance, to keep off the boys; and that he had further desired that the under-beadle might be stationed, with the same object, at the Black Boy and Stomach-ache!*

"Now, I leave this unconstitutional proceeding to your comments and the consideration of your readers. I have yet to learn that a beadle, without the precincts of a church, churchyard, or workhouse, and acting otherwise than under the express orders of churchwardens and overseers in council assembled, to enforce the law against people who come upon the parish, and other offenders, has any lawful authority whatever over the rising youth of this country. I have yet to learn that a beadle can be called out by any civilian to exercise a domination and despotism over the boys of Britain. I have yet to learn that a beadle will be permitted by the commissioners of poor law regulation to wear out the soles and heels of his boots in illegal interference with the liberties of people not proved poor or otherwise criminal. I have yet to learn that a beadle has power to stop up the Queen's highway at his will and pleasure, or that the whole width of the street is not free and open to any man, boy, or woman in existence, up to the very walls of the houses—ay, be they Black Boys and Stomach-aches, or Boot-jacks and Countenances, I care not."

"*Nine o'clock.*

"I HAVE procured a local artist to make a faithful sketch of the tyrant Sowster, which, as he has acquired this infamous celebrity, you will no doubt wish to have engraved for the purpose of presenting a copy with every copy of your next number. I enclose it. The under-beadle has consented to write his life, but it is to be strictly anonymous.

"The accompanying likeness is of course from the life, and complete in every respect. Even if I had been totally ignorant of the man's real character, and it had been placed before me without remark, I should have shuddered involuntarily. There is an intense malignity of expression in the features, and a baleful ferocity of purpose in the ruffian's eye, which appals and sickens. His whole air is rampant with cruelty, nor is the stomach less characteristic of his demoniac propensities.

*The Tyrant Sowster.*

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*" Monday.*

" The great day has at length arrived. I have neither eyes, nor ears, nor pens, nor ink, nor paper, for anything but the wonderful proceedings that have astounded my senses. Let me collect my energies and proceed to the account."

SECTION A.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

FRONT PARLOUR, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHE.

PRESIDENT—SIR WILLIAM JOLTERED. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MR. MUDDLEBRANES AND MR. DRAWLEY.

"Mr. X. X. Misty communicated some remarks on the disappearance of dancing bears from the streets of London, with observations on the exhibition of monkeys as connected with barrel-organs. The writer had observed, with feelings of the utmost pain and regret, that some years ago a sudden and unaccountable change in the public taste took place with reference to itinerant bears, who, being discountenanced by the populace, gradually fell off one by one from the streets of the metropolis, until not one remained to create a taste for natural history in the breasts of the poor and uninstructed. One bear, indeed, — a brown and ragged animal, — had lingered about the haunts of his former triumphs, with a worn and dejected visage and feeble limbs, and had essayed to wield his quarter-staff for the amusement of the multitude; but hunger, and an utter want of any due recompence for his abilities, had at length driven him from the field, and it was only too probable that he had fallen a sacrifice to the rising taste for grease. He regretted to add that a similar, and no less lamentable change, had taken place with reference to monkeys. These delightful animals had formerly been almost as plentiful as the organs on the tops of which they were accustomed to sit; the proportion in the year 1829 (it appeared by the parliamentary return) being as one monkey to three organs. Owing, however, to an altered taste in musical instruments, and the substitution, in a great measure, of narrow boxes of music for organs, which left the monkeys nothing to sit upon, this source of public amusement was wholly dried up. Considering it a matter of the deepest importance, in connection with national education, that the people should not lose such opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the manners and customs of two most interesting species of animals, the author submitted that some measures should be immediately taken for the restoration of these pleasing and truly intellectual amusements.

"The President inquired by what means the honourable member proposed to attain this most desirable end?

"The Author submitted that it could be most fully and satisfactorily accomplished, if Her Majesty's government would cause to be brought over to England, and maintained at the public expense, and for the public amusement, such a number of bears as would enable every quarter of the town to be visited— say at least by three bears a week. No difficulty whatever need be experienced in providing a fitting place for the reception of these animals, as a commodious bear-garden could be erected in

the immediate neighbourhood of both houses of parliament; obviously the most proper and eligible spot for such an establishment.

"Professor Mull doubted very much whether any correct ideas of natural history were propagated by the means to which the honourable member had so ably adverted. On the contrary, he believed that they had been the means of diffusing very incorrect and imperfect notions on the subject. He spoke from personal observation and personal experience, when he said that many children of great abilities had been induced to believe, from what they had observed in the streets, at and before the period to which the honourable gentleman had referred, that all monkeys were born in red coats and spangles, and that their hats and feathers also came by nature. He wished to know distinctly whether the honourable gentleman attributed the want of encouragement the bears had met with to the decline of public taste in that respect, or to a want of ability on the part of the bears themselves?

"Mr. X. X. Misty replied, that he could not bring himself to believe but that there must be a great deal of floating talent among the bears and monkeys generally; which, in the absence of any proper encouragement, was dispersed in other directions.

"Professor Pumpkinskull wished to take that opportunity of calling the attention of the section to a most important and serious point. The author of the treatise just read had alluded to the prevalent taste for bears'-grease as a means of promoting the growth of hair, which undoubtedly was diffused to a very great and (as it appeared to him) very alarming extent. No gentleman attending that section could fail to be aware of the fact that the youth of the present age evinced, by their behaviour in the streets, and at all places of public resort, a considerable lack of that gallantry and gentlemanly feeling which, in more ignorant times, had been thought becoming. He wished to know whether it were possible that a constant outward application of bears'-grease by the young gentlemen about town, had imperceptibly infused into those unhappy persons something of the nature and quality of the bear? He shuddered as he threw out the remark; but if this theory, on inquiry, should prove to be well-founded, it would at once explain a great deal of unpleasant eccentricity of behaviour, which, without some such discovery, was wholly unaccountable.

"The President highly complimented the learned gentleman on his most valuable suggestion, which produced the greatest effect upon the assembly; and remarked that only a week previous he had seen some young gentlemen at a theatre eyeing a box of ladies with a fierce intensity, which nothing but the influence of some brutish appetite could possibly explain. It was dreadful to reflect that our youth were so rapidly verging into a generation of bears.

"After a scene of scientific enthusiasm it was resolved that this important question should be immediately submitted to the consideration of the council.

"The PRESIDENT wished to know whether any gentleman could inform the section what had become of the dancing-dogs?

"A MEMBER replied, after some hesitation, that on the day after three glee-singers had been committed to prison as criminals by a late most zealous police-magistrate of the metropolis, the dogs had abandoned their professional duties, and dispersed themselves in different quarters of the town to gain a livelihood by less dangerous means. He was given to understand that since that period they had supported themselves by lying in wait for and robbing blind men's poodles.

"Mr. FLUMMERY exhibited a twig, claiming to be a veritable branch of that noble tree known to naturalists as the SHAKSPEARE, which has taken root in every land and climate, and gathered under the shade of its broad green boughs the great family of mankind. The learned gentleman remarked, that the twig had been undoubtedly called by other names in its time; but that it had been pointed out to him by an old lady in Warwickshire, where the great tree had grown, as a shoot of the genuine SHAKSPEARE, by which name he begged to introduce it to his countrymen.

"The PRESIDENT wished to know what botanical definition the honourable gentleman could afford of the curiosity?

"Mr. FLUMMERY expressed his opinion that it was A DECIDED PLANT."

### SECTION B.—DISPLAY OF MODELS AND MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

LARGE ROOM, BOOT-JACK AND COUNTENANCE.

PRESIDENT—MR. MALLET. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MESSRS. LEAVER AND SCROO.

"Mr. CRINKLES exhibited a most beautiful and delicate machine, of little larger size than an ordinary snuff-box, manufactured entirely by himself, and composed exclusively of steel; by the aid of which more pockets could be picked in one hour than by the present slow and tedious process in four-and-twenty. The inventor remarked that it had been put into active operation in Fleet Street, the Strand, and other thoroughfares, and had never been once known to fail.

"After some slight delay, occasioned by the various members of the section buttoning their pockets,

"The PRESIDENT narrowly inspected the invention, and declared that he had never seen a machine of more beautiful or exquisite construction. Would the inventor be good enough to inform the section whether he had taken any and what means for bringing it into general operation?

"Mr. CRINKLES stated that, after encountering some preliminary difficulties, he had succeeded in putting himself in commu-

nication with Mr. Fogle Hunter, and other gentlemen connected with the swell mob, who had awarded the invention the very highest and most unqualified approbation. He regretted to say, however, that these distinguished practitioners, in common with a gentleman of the name of Gimlet-eyed-Tommy, and other members of a secondary grade of the profession whom he was understood to represent, entertained an insuperable objection to its being brought into general use, on the ground that it would have the inevitable effect of almost entirely superseding manual labour, and throwing a great number of highly-deserving persons out of employment.

"The PRESIDENT hoped that no such fanciful objections would be allowed to stand in the way of such a great public improvement.

"Mr. CRINKLES hoped so too; but he feared that if the gentlemen of the swell mob persevered in their objection, nothing could be done.

"PROFESSOR GRIME suggested, that surely, in that case, Her Majesty's government might be prevailed upon to take it up.

"Mr. CRINKLES said, that if the objection were found to be insuperable he should apply to parliament, which he thought could not fail to recognise the utility of the invention.

"The PRESIDENT observed, that up to this time parliament had certainly got on very well without it; but, as they did their business on a very large scale, he had no doubt they would gladly adopt the improvement. His only fear was that the machine might be worn out by constant working.

"MR. COPPERNOSE called the attention of the section to a proposition of great magnitude and interest, illustrated by a vast number of models, and stated with much clearness and perspicuity in a treatise entitled "Practical Suggestions on the necessity of providing some harmless and wholesome relaxation for the young noblemen of England." His proposition was, that a space of ground of not less than ten miles in length and four in breadth should be purchased by a new company, to be incorporated by Act of Parliament, and inclosed by a brick wall of not less than twelve feet in height. He proposed that it should be laid out with highway roads, turnpikes, bridges, miniature villages, and every object that could conduce to the comfort and glory of Four-in-hand Clubs, so that they might be fairly presumed to require no drive beyond it. This delightful retreat would be fitted up with most commodious and extensive stables for the convenience of such of the nobility and gentry as had a taste for ostlering, and with houses of entertainment furnished in the most expensive and handsome style. It would be further provided with whole streets of door-knockers and bell-handles of extra size, so constructed that they could be easily wrenched off at night, and regularly screwed on again, by attendants provided for the purpose,

every day. There would also be gas-lamps of real glass, which could be broken at a comparatively small expense per dozen, and a broad and handsome foot-pavement for gentlemen to drive their cabriolets upon when they were humorously disposed—for the full enjoyment of which feat live pedestrians would be procured from the workhouse at a very small charge per head. The place being inclosed and carefully screened from the intrusion of the public, there would be no objection to gentlemen laying aside any article of their costume that was considered to interfere with a pleasant frolic, or indeed to their walking about without any costume at all, if they liked that better. In short, every facility of enjoyment would be afforded that the most gentlemanly person could possibly desire. But as even these advantages would be incomplete, unless there were some means provided of enabling the nobility and gentry to display their prowess when they sallied forth after dinner, and as some inconvenience might be experienced in the event of their being reduced to the necessity of pummelling each other, the inventor had turned his attention to the construction of an entirely new police force, composed exclusively of automaton figures, which, with the assistance of the ingenious Signor Gagliardi, of Windmill-street in the Haymarket, he had succeeded in making with such nicety, that a policeman, cab-driver, or old woman, made upon the principle of the models exhibited, would walk about until knocked down like any real man; nay, more, if set upon and beaten by six or eight noblemen or gentlemen, after it was down, the figure would utter divers groans mingled with entreaties for mercy: thus rendering the illusion complete, and the enjoyment perfect. But the invention did not stop even here, for station-houses would be built, containing good beds for noblemen and gentlemen during the night, and in the morning they would repair to a commodious police office where a pantomimic investigation would take place before automaton magistrates,—quite equal to life,—who would fine them in so many counters, with which they would be previously provided for the purpose. This office would be furnished with an inclined plane for the convenience of any nobleman or gentleman who might wish to bring in his horse as a witness, and the prisoners would be at perfect liberty, as they were now, to interrupt the complainants as much as they pleased, and to make any remarks that they thought proper. The charge for these amusements would amount to very little more than they already cost, and the inventor submitted that the public would be much benefited and comforted by the proposed arrangement.

"Professor Nogo wished to be informed what amount of automaton police force it was proposed to raise in the first instance.

"Mr. Coppernose replied, that it was proposed to begin with

Automaton Police Office, and real Offenders

seven divisions of police of a score each, lettered from A to G inclusive. It was proposed that not more than half this number should be placed on active duty, and that the remainder should be kept on shelves in the police office ready to be called out at a moment's notice.

"The PRESIDENT, awarding the utmost merit to the ingenious gentleman who had originated the idea, doubted whether the automaton police would quite answer the purpose. He feared that noblemen and gentlemen would perhaps require the excitement of threshing living subjects.

"MR. COPPERNOSE submitted, that as the usual odds in such cases were ten noblemen or gentlemen to one policeman or cab-driver, it could make very little difference in point of excitement whether the policeman or cab driver were a man or a block. The great advantage would be, that a policeman's limbs might be all knocked off, and yet he would be in a condition to do duty next day. He might even give his evidence next morning with his head in his hand, and give it equally well.

"PROFESSOR MUFF.—Will you allow me to ask you, sir, of what materials it is intended that the magistrates' heads shall be composed?

"MR. COPPERNOSE.—The magistrates will have wooden heads of course, and they will be made of the toughest and thickest materials that can possibly be obtained.

"PROFESSOR MUFF.—I am quite satisfied. This is a great invention.

"PROFESSOR NOGO.—I see but one objection to it. It appears to me that the magistrates ought to talk.

"MR. COPPERNOSE no sooner heard this suggestion than he touched a small spring in each of the two models of magistrates which were placed upon the table; one of the figures immediately began to exclaim with great volubility that he was sorry to see gentlemen in such a situation, and the other to express a fear that the policeman was intoxicated.

"The section, as with one accord, declared with a shout of applause that the invention was complete; and the President, much excited, retired with Mr. Coppernose to lay it before the council. On his return,

"MR. TICKLE displayed his newly-invented spectacles, which enabled the wearer to discern, in very bright colours, objects at a great distance, and rendered him wholly blind to those immediately before him. It was, he said, a most valuable and useful invention, based strictly upon the principle of the human eye.

"The PRESIDENT required some information upon this point. He had yet to learn that the human eye was remarkable for the peculiarities of which the honourable gentleman had spoken.

"MR. TICKLE was rather astonished to hear this, when the President could not fail to be aware that a large number of

most excellent persons and great statesmen could see, with the naked eye, most marvellous horrors on West India plantations, while they could discern nothing whatever in the interior of Manchester cotton mills. He must know, too, with what quickness of perception most people could discover their neighbour's faults, and how very blind they were to their own. If the President differed from the great majority of men in this respect, his eye was a defective one, and it was to assist his vision that these glasses were made.

"Mr. Blank exhibited a model of a fashionable annual, composed of copper-plates, gold leaf, and silk boards, and worked entirely by milk and water.

"Mr. Prosee, after examining the machine, declared it to be so ingeniously composed, that he was wholly unable to discover how it went on at all.

"Mr. Blank.—Nobody can, and that is the beauty of it."

### SECTION C.—ANATOMY AND MEDICINE.

BAR-ROOM, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHE.

PRESIDENT—DR. SOEMUP. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MESSRS. PESSELL AND MORTAIR.

"Dr. Grummidge stated to the section a most interesting case of monomania, and described the course of treatment he had pursued with perfect success. The patient was a married lady in the middle rank of life, who, having seen another lady at an evening party in a full suit of pearls, was suddenly seized with a desire to possess a similar equipment, although her husband's finances were by no means equal to the necessary outlay. Finding her wish ungratified, she fell sick, and the symptoms soon became so alarming, that he (Dr. Grummidge) was called in. At this period the prominent tokens of the disorder were sullenness, a total indisposition to perform domestic duties, great peevishness, and extreme langour, except when pearls were mentioned, at which times the pulse quickened, the eyes grew brighter, the pupils dilated, and the patient, after various incoherent exclamations, burst into a passion of tears and exclaimed that nobody cared for her, and that she wished herself dead. Finding that the patient's appetite was affected in the presence of company, he began by ordering a total abstinence from all stimulants, and forbidding any sustenance but weak gruel; he then took twenty ounces of blood, applied a blister under each ear, one upon the chest and another on the back; having done which, and administered five grains of calomel, he left the patient to her repose. The next day she was somewhat low, but decidedly better, and all appearances of irritation were removed. The next day she improved still further, and on the next again. On the fourth there was some appearance of a return of the old symptoms, which no sooner developed themselves than he administered another dose of calomel, and left strict orders that, unless a decidedly favourable change oc-

curred within two hours, the patient's head should be immediately shaved to the very last curl. From that moment she began to mend, and in less than four-and-twenty hours, was perfectly restored; she did not now betray the least emotion at the sight or mention of pearls or any other ornaments. She was cheerful and good-humoured, and a most beneficial change had been effected in her whole temperament and condition.

"Mr. Pipkin (M.R.C.S.) read a short but most interesting communication in which he sought to prove the complete belief of Sir William Courtenay, otherwise Thom, recently shot at Canterbury, in the Homoœpathic system. The section would bear in mind that one of the Homoœpathic doctrines was, that infinitessimal doses of any medicine which would occasion the disease under which the patient laboured, supposing him to be in a healthy state, would cure it. Now, it was a remarkable circumstance—proved in the evidence—that the deceased Thom employed a woman to follow him about all day with a pail of water, assuring her that one drop (a purely homoœpathic remedy, the section would observe,) placed upon his tongue, after death, would restore him. What was the obvious inference? That Thom, who was marching and countermarching in osier beds, and other swampy places, was impressed with a presentiment that he should be drowned; in which case, had his instructions been complied with, he could not fail to have been brought to life again instantly by his own prescription. As it was, if this woman, or any other person, had administered an infinitessimal dose of lead and gunpowder immediately after he fell, he would have recovered forthwith. But unhappily the woman concerned did not possess the power of reasoning by analogy, or carrying out a principle, and thus the unfortunate gentleman had been sacrificed to the ignorance of the peasantry.

### SECTION D. STATISTICS.

OUT-HOUSE, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHE.

PRESIDENT—MR. SLUG. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MESSRS. NOAKES AND STYLES.

"Mr. Kwakley stated the result of some most ingenious statistical inquiries relative to the difference between the value of the qualification of several members of Parliament as published to the world, and its real nature and amount. After reminding the section that every member of Parliament for a town or borough was supposed to possess a clear freehold estate of three hundred pounds per annum, the honourable gentleman excited great amusement and laughter by stating the exact amount of freehold property possessed by a column of legislators, in which he had included himself. It appeared from this table that the amount of such income possessed by each was 0 pounds, 0 shillings, and 0 pence, yielding an average of the same. (Great

laughter.) It was pretty well known that there were accommodating gentlemen in the habit of furnishing new members with temporary qualifications, to the ownership of which they swore solemnly—of course as a mere matter of form. He argued from these *data* that it was wholly unnecessary for members of Parliament to possess any property at all, especially as when they had none the public could get them so much cheaper.

SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION, E. UMBUGOLOGY AND DITCHWATERISICS.

PRESIDENT—MR. GRUB. VICE-PRESIDENTS, MESSRS. DULL AND DUMMY.

"A paper was read by the secretary descriptive of a bay pony with one eye, which had been seen by the author standing in a butcher's cart at the corner of Newgate Market. The communication described the author of the paper as having, in the prosecution of a mercantile pursuit, betaken himself one Saturday morning last summer from Somers Town to Cheapside; in the course of which expedition he had beheld the extraordinary appearance above described. The pony had one distinct eye, and it had been pointed out to him by his friend Captain Blunderbore, of the Horse Marines, who assisted the author in his search, that whenever he winked this eye he whisked his tail, (possibly to drive the flies off,) but that he always winked and whisked at the same time. The animal was lean, spavined, and tottering; and the author proposed to constitute it of the family of *Fitfordogsmeataurious*. It certainly did occur to him that there was no case on record of a pony with one clearly-defined and distinct organ of vision, winking and whisking at the same moment.

"Mr. Q. J. Snuffletoffle had heard of a pony winking his eye, and likewise of a pony whisking his tail, but whether they were two ponies or the same pony he could not undertake positively to say. At all events he was acquainted with no authenticated instance of a simultaneous winking and whisking, and he really could not but doubt the existence of such a marvellous pony in opposition to all those natural laws by which ponies were governed. Referring, however, to the mere question of his one organ of vision, might he suggest the possibility of this pony having been literally half asleep at the time he was seen, and having closed only one eye?

"The President observed, that whether the pony was half asleep or fast asleep, there could be no doubt that the association was wide awake, and therefore that they had better get the business over and go to dinner. He had certainly never seen anything analogous to this pony; but he was not prepared to doubt its existence, for he had seen many queerer ponies in his time, though he did not pretend to have seen any more remarkable donkeys than the other gentlemen around him.

"Professor John Ketch was then called upon to exhibit the skull of the late Mr. Greenacre, which he produced from a blue bag, remarking, on being invited to make any observations that occurred to him, 'that he 'd pound it as that 'ere 'spectable section had never seed a more gamerer cove nor he vos.'

"A most animated discussion upon this interesting relic ensued; and, some difference of opinion arising respecting the real character of the deceased gentleman, Mr. Blubb delivered a lecture upon the cranium before him, clearly showing that Mr. Greenacre possessed the organ of destructiveness to a most unusual extent, with a most remarkable developement of the organ of carveativeness. Sir Hookham Snivey was proceeding to combat this opinion, when Professor Ketch suddenly interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming, with great excitement of manner, "Walker!"

"The President begged to call the learned gentleman to order.

"Professor Ketch. 'Order be blowed! you 've got the wrong 'un, I tell you. It ain't no 'ed at all; it 's a coker-nut as my brother-in-law has been acarvin' to hornament his new baked 'tatur-stall wots a-comin down here vile the 'sociation's in the town. Hand over, vill you?'

"With these words Professor Ketch hastily repossessed himself of the cocoa-nut, and drew forth the skull, in mistake for which he had exhibited it. A most interesting conversation ensued; but as there appeared some doubt ultimately whether the skull was Mr. Greenacre's, or a hospital patient's, or a pauper's, or a man's, or a woman's, or a monkey's, no particular result was attained."

"I cannot," says our talented correspondent in conclusion, "I cannot close my account of these gigantic researches and sublime and noble triumphs, without repeating a *bon mot* of Professor Woodensconce's, which shows how the greatest minds may occasionally unbend, when truth can be presented to listening ears, clothed in an attractive and playful form. I was standing by, when, after a week of feasting and feeding, that learned gentleman, accompanied by the whole body of wonderful men, entered the hall yesterday, where a sumptuous dinner was prepared; where the richest wines sparkled on the board, and fat bucks—propitiatory sacrifices to learning—sent forth their savoury odours. 'Ah!' said Professor Woodensconce, rubbing his hands, 'this is what we meet for; this is what inspires us; this is what keeps us together, and beckons us onward; this is the *spread* of science, and a glorious spread it is!'"

## A CHAPTER ON GOURMANDERIE;

### OR, A PEEP AT THE RESTAURANTS OF PARIS.

In the highest category of Parisian restaurants, I class seven; the Café de Paris, Grignon's, the Trois Frères, Very's, Vefour's, the Rocher de Cancale, and the Grand Vatel. Among these the Rocher is said to tower supremely. It stands in the same relation to the others as Taglioni with respect to Julia, Noblet, Alexis, and Leroux; or rather as Shakspeare with respect to Shirley, Jonson, and the other dramatists of that age. Therefore does your Parisian epicure, if he like dancing and dramatic poetry, exclaim, "Time has thus far beheld *one* Shakspeare, *one* Taglioni, and *one* Rocher de Cancale." For myself, I cannot altogether accede to this general reputation. In classing such establishments, I am guided by five elements; to wit, cookery, expense, service, company, and apartment. Now, in cookery the Rocher is unequalled. In each of the remaining elements it is inferior to some one or other of its competitors. Without going into laborious comparisons, I at once declare that I give a preference to that restaurant over whose entrance are inscribed these monumental words,—Au Grand Vatel. The Rocher may be patronized on special occasions;—the Grand Vatel I prefer, as a regular daily dining house. The former is the Johannisberg of your gourmet; the latter his Chambertin.

The Café de Paris stands on the Italian Boulevard. Its rooms are spacious, with ceilings of most aristocratic loftiness; its furniture is rich; its table-linen is of snowy whiteness; its floor is polished into mirrors; its garçons have clear complexions, and its dame-du-comptoir looks mellow, as if just bathed in cream. Indeed no gentleman should enter those elegant rooms unless lately from a bath, and in genteel vestments. He will see a company around him of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. Such is the public of the Café de Paris. It is one sphere for the first bringing out of an elegant fashion. Counts, marquises, and bucks dressed for the opera, like to dine at the Café de Paris. It is, however, in the midst of noise and motion. Those tranquil epicures who would not have digestion molested by street shouts, and rattling of carriages, will seldom patronise this restaurant. I have sometimes taken breakfast there. Its omelettes are beyond all praise: I remember them with some emotion. The Café de Paris is one of the most expensive restaurants in Paris. People are pleased to pay for the renown of dining there.

If you would escape the outer-world tumult near the Café de Paris, go at once to Grignon's. It is on the second floor, and its entrance is up a broad staircase in the Passage Vivienne. Grignon's is an immense establishment, with its twenty large and small dining apartments. The private rooms are often ordinary. Its public hall, however, has an air of lofty elegance and well-bred quiet that much impresses you at first. Its thick and heavily-folded window-curtains look almost baronial; and when illuminated by gas, the room is very brilliant. The quiet of the frequenters of Grignon's too often degenerates into mere stiffness and silence.

Doubtless the adage "There is many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,"
hath reference to medicine. Sir Guy's lip was again all but in conjunction with that of his bride elect.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight's *pericranium*, from which his locks had gradually receded; a sort of *oasis*,—or rather a *Mont Blanc* in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by Art and Nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe,—it was a "Whack!"

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers; but a single glance to the rear reversed her position,—she fell upon her knees and screamed.

The Knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone.—It was She!—the all but defunct Rohesia,—there she sat, bolt upright! Her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating like flint and steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff,—a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting, for the quinsey, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. "A husband ofttimes makes the best physician," says the proverb; he was a living personification of its truth. Still it was whispered he had been content with Doctor Butts, but his lady was restored to bless him for many years.—Heavens, what a life he led!

The Lady Rohesia mended apace; her quinsey was cured; the bell was stopped, and little Hubert, the Sacristan, kicked out of the chapelry; St. Peter opened his wicket, and looked out.—There was nobody there;—so he flung-to the gate in a passion, and went back to his lodge, grumbling at being hoaxed by a runaway ring.

Years rolled on.—The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and, one fine morning, Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the *porte cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship, the Darling, commanded by Captain Keymis, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble; it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age,

"Praie for ye sowle of ye Ladye Ropse,
And for alle Christen sowles!".

The date is illegible; but it appears that she lived at least till Elizabeth's time, and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rouncival her thousand marks.—As for Beatrice Grey, it is well known that she was living in 1588, and then had virginity enough left to be a Maid of Honour to "good Queen Bess."

# THE TEMPTATIONS OF ST. ANTHONY.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman."—*Sketch-Book.*

St. Anthony sat on a lowly stool,
And a book was in his hand;
Never his eye from its page he took,
Either to right or left to look,
But with steadfast soul, as was his rule,
The holy page he scanned.

"We will woo," said the imp, "St. Anthony's eyes
Off from his holy book:
We will go to him all in strange disguise,
And tease him with laughter, whoops, and cries,
That he upon us may look."

The Devil was in the best humour that day
That ever his highness was in:
And that's why he sent out his imps to play,
And he furnished them torches to light their way,
Nor stinted them incense to burn as they may,—
Sulphur, and pitch, and rosin.

So they came to the Saint in a motley crew,
A heterogeneous rout:
There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked black, and some looked blue,
And they passed and varied before the view,
And twisted themselves about:
And had they exhibited thus to you,
I think you 'd have felt in a bit of a stew,—
Or so should myself, I doubt.

There were some with feathers, and some with scales,
And some with warty skins;
Some had not heads, and some had tails,
And some had claws like iron nails;
And some had combs and beaks like birds,
And yet, like jays, could utter words;
And some had gills and fins.

Some rode on skeleton beasts, arrayed
In gold and velvet stuff,
With rich tiaras on the head,
Like kings and queens among the dead;
While face and bridle-hand, display'd,
In hue and substance seemed to cope
With maggots in a microscope,
And their thin lips, as white as soap,
Were colder than enough.

And spiders big from the ceiling hung,
From every creek and nook:
They had a crafty, ugly guise,
And looked at the Saint with their eight eyes;
And all that malice could devise
Of evil to the good and wise
Seemed welling from their look.

Saint Anthony

Beetles and slow-worms crawled about,
And toads did squat demure;
From holes in the wainscoting mice peeped out,
Or a sly old rat with his whiskered snout;
And forty-feets, a full span long,
Danced in and out in an endless throng:
There ne'er has been seen such extravagant rout
From that time to this, I 'm sure.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
Fixed on the holy book;—
From it they did not sink nor rise;
Nor sights nor laughter, shouts nor cries,
Could win away his look.

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,
In a big-bellied earthen pot sat he:
Through holes in the bottom his legs outshot,
And holes in the sides his arms had got,
And his head came out through the mouth, God wot!
A comical sight to see.

And he drummed on his belly so fair and round,
On his belly so round and fair;
And it gave forth a rumbling, mingled sound,
'Twixt a muffled bell and a growling hound,
A comical sound to hear:
And he sat on the edge of a table-desk,
And drummed it with his heels;
And he looked as strange and as picturesque
As the figures we see in an arabesque,
Half hidden in flowers, all painted in fresque,
In Gothic vaulted ceils.

Then he whooped and hawed, and winked and grinned,
And his eyes stood out with glee;
And he said these words, and he sung this song,
And his legs and his arms, with their double prong,
Keeping time with his tune as it galloped along,
Still on the pot and the table dinned
As birth to his song gave he.

"Old Tony, my boy! shut up your book,
And learn to be merry and gay:
You sit like a bat in his cloistered nook,
Like a round-shoulder'd fool of an owl you look;
But straighten your back from its booby crook,
And more sociable be, I pray.

"Let us see you laugh, let us hear you sing;
Take a lesson from me, old boy!
Remember that life has a fleeting wing,
And then comes Death, that stern old king,
So we 'd better make sure of joy."

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon the holy book:
He heard that song with a laugh arise,
But he knew that the imp had a naughty guise,
And he did not care to look.

Another imp came in a masquerade,
Most like to a monk's attire:
But of living bats his cowl was made,
Their wings stitched together with spider thread;
And round and about him they fluttered and played;
And his eyes shot out from their misty shade
Long parallel bars of fire.

And his loose teeth chattered like clanking bones,
When the gibbet-tree sways in the blast:
And with gurgling shakes, and stifled groans,
He mocked the good St. Anthony's tones
As he muttered his prayer full fast.

A rosary of beads was hung by his side,—
Oh, gaunt-looking beads were they!
And still, when the good Saint dropped a bead,
He dropped a tooth, and he took good heed
To rattle his string, and the bones replied,
Like a rattle-snake's tail at play.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon the holy book;
He heard that mock of groans and sighs,
And he knew that the thing had an evil guise,
And he did not dare to look.

Another imp came with a trumpet-snout,
That was mouth and nose in one:
It had stops like a flute, as you never may doubt,
Where his long lean fingers capered about,
As he twanged his nasal melodies out,
In quaver, and shake, and run.

And his head moved forward and backward still
On his long and snaky neck;
As he bent his energies all to fill
His nosey tube with wind and skill,
And he sneezed his octaves out, until
'Twas well-nigh ready to break.

And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,
And piped his music in:
And the shrill sound went through the good Saint's frame,
With a smart and a sting, like a shred of flame,
Or a bee in the ear,—which is much the same,—
And he shivered with the din.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon the holy book;
He heard that snout with its gimlet cries,
And he knew that the imp had an evil guise,
And he did not dare to look.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
With horny eyes like the dead:
And its long sharp nose was all of horn,
And its bony cheeks of flesh were shorn,
And its ears were like thin cases torn
From feet of kine, and its jaws were bare;
And fish-bones grew, instead of hair,
Upon its skinless head.

Its body was of thin birdy bones,
Bound round with a parchment skin;
And, when 'twas struck, the hollow tones
That circled round like drum-dull groans,
Bespoke a void within.

Its arm was like a peacock's leg,
And the claws were like a bird's:
But the creep that went, like a blast of plague,
To loose the live flesh from the bones,
And wake the good Saint's inward groans,
As it clawed his cheek, and pulled his hair,
And pressed on his eyes in their beating lair,
Cannot be told in words.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
Still on the holy book;
He felt the clam on his brow arise,
And he knew that the thing had a horrid guise,
And he did not dare to look.

An imp came then like a skeleton form
Out of a charnel vault:
Some clingings of meat had been left by the worm,
Some tendons and strings on his legs and arm,
And his jaws with gristle were black and deform,
But his teeth were as white as salt.

And he grinned full many a lifeless grin,
And he rattled his bony tail;
His skull was decked with gill and fin,
And a spike of bone was on his chin,
And his bat-like ears were large and thin,
And his eyes were the eyes of a snail.

He took his stand at the good Saint's back,
And on tip-toe stood a space:
Forward he bent, all rotten-black,
And he sunk again on his heel, good lack!
And the good Saint uttered some ghostly groans,
For the head was caged in the gaunt rib-bones,—
A horrible embrace!
And the skull hung o'er with an elvish pry,
And cocked down its Indian-rubber eye
To gaze upon his face.

Yet the good St. Anthony sunk his eyes
Deep in the holy book:
He felt the bones, and so was wise
To know that the thing had a ghastly guise,
And he did not dare to look.

Last came an imp,—how unlike the rest!—
A beautiful female form:
And her voice was like music, that sleep-oppress'd
Sinks on some cradling zephyr's breast;
And whilst with a whisper his cheek she press'd,
Her cheek felt soft and warm.

When over his shoulder she bent the light
Of her soft eyes on to his page,
It came like a moonbeam silver bright,
And relieved him then with a mild delight,
For the yellow lamp-lustre scorched his sight,
That was weak with the mists of age.

Hey! the good St. Anthony boggled his eyes
Over the holy book:
Ho ho! at the corners they 'gan to rise,
For he knew that the thing had a lovely guise,
And he could not choose but look.

There are many devils that walk this world,—
Devils large, and devils small;
Devils so meagre, and devils so stout;
Devils with horns, and devils without;
Sly devils that go with their tails upcurled,
Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled;
Meek devils, and devils that brawl;
Serious devils, and laughing devils;
Imps for churches, and imps for revels;
Devils uncouth, and devils polite;
Devils black, and devils white;
Devils foolish, and devils wise;
But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes,
Is the worsest devil of all.

T. H. S.

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## THE NEW YEAR.

*Lines on George Cruikshank's Illustration of January, in the Comic Almanack for* 1838.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HEADLONG HALL."

A GREAT philosopher art thou, George Cruikshank,
In thy unmatched grotesqueness! Antic dance,
Wine, mirth, and music, welcome thy New Year,
Who makes her entry as a radiant child,
With smiling face, in holiday apparel,
Bearing a cornucopiæ, crowned and clustered
With all the elements of festal joy:
All smiles and promises. But looking closely
Upon that smiling face, 'tis but a mask;
Fitted so well, it almost seems a face;
But still a mask. What features lurk beneath,
The rolling months will show. Thy Old Year passes,—
Danced out in mockery by the festive band,—
A faded form, with thin and pallid face,
In spectral weeds; her mask upon the ground,
Her Amalthæa's horn reversed, and emptied
Of all good things,—not even hope remaining.
Such will the New Year be: that smiling mask
Will fall; to some how soon: to many later:
At last to all! The same transparent shade
Of wasted means and broken promises
Will make its exit: and another Year
Will enter masked and smiling, and be welcomed
With minstrelsy and revelry, as this is.

This song in praise of May is very old, but has little except its antiquity to recommend it. At its conclusion, the singers receive presents from the people; after which they sing a supplementary verse, by way of thanks. It is literally as follows:

"God thank you, friendly people all!
God help you in his heavenly kingdom!
In heaven there is a golden table,
*Where sit the angels healthy and fresh.*
In heaven there is a golden throne.
God give you all an eternal reward!"

Many German poets have written songs in praise of Switzerland in choice Teutonic; but these, although in some instances extremely beautiful, are "drawing-room poetry," and, as such, do not come within the limits of our subject. The songs of the people, which we have been considering, are the effusions of nameless and forgotten poets,—in all probability of drovers and milkmaids; the more valuable on that account, because so much the more likely to give a true description of the manners and feelings of a class of society upon whom depends, in a great measure, the welfare of a country.

Like to daisies, snow-drops, blue-bells, forget-me-nots, crocuses, and hedge-roses, which the child may pluck as it runs past, and the labourer plant in his bosom, are the fragments of old songs that delight the people. They grow, like them, without culture, in cornfields and sheep-walks, and are as precious in the sight of the true lover of nature as the rare and costly exotics of the rich man's conservatory. On another occasion [Boz volente] we propose to present the reader with a wreath of such wild flowers gathered on German soil.

C M.

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## ANACREONTIC.

Fill me, boy, a bowl up!—up!
Till the wine o'erflows the cup.
Fresher flowers for me braid,
These I wear too soon will fade.

Fill, boy, fill the bowl again!
For, with every draught I drain,
Brighter dreams my fancy sees;
Sleep hath no such phantasies.

Fill, boy, fill! My burning soul
Asks another mantling bowl;
Brim it to the utmost, boy!
Ha! ha! ha! I'm mad with joy!

M. L.

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.—No. I.

### A LAY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

"Statim sacerdoti apparuit diabolus in specie puellæ pulchritudinis miræ, et ecce Divus, fide catholicâ et cruce et aquâ benedictâ armatus, venit, et aspersit aquam in nomine sanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis, quam, quasi ardentem, diabolus, nequaquam sustinere valens, mugitibus fugit." ROGER HOVEDEN.

"LORD ABBOT! Lord Abbot! I'd fain confess;
I am a-weary, and worn with woe;
Many a grief doth my heart oppress,
And haunt me whithersoever I go!"

On bended knee spake the beautiful Maid;
"Now lithe and listen, Lord Abbot, to me!"—
"Now naye, Fair Daughter," the Lord Abbot said,
"Now naye, in sooth it may hardly be;

"There is Mess Michael, and holy Mess John,
Sage Penitauncers I ween be they!
And hard by doth dwell, in St. Catherine's cell,
Ambrose, the anchorite old and grey!"

"—Oh, I will have none of Ambrose or John,
Though sage Penitauncers I trow they be;
Shrive me may none save the Abbot alone.
Now listen, Lord Abbot, I speak to thee;

"Nor think foul scorn, though mitre adorn
Thy brow, to listen to shrift of mine.
I am a Maiden royally born,
And I come of old Plantaganet's line.

"Though hither I stray in lowly array,
I am a Damsel of high degree;
And the Compte of Eu, and the Lord of Ponthieu,
They serve my father on bended knee!

"Counts a many, and Dukes a few,
A suitoring came to my father's Hall;
But the Duke of Lorraine, with his large domain,
He pleas'd my father beyond them all.

"Dukes a many, and Counts a few,
I would have wedded right cheerfulie;
But the Duke of Lorraine was uncommonly plain,
And I vow'd that he ne'er should my bridegroom be!

"So hither I fly, in lowly guise,
From their gilded domes and their princely halls;
Fain would I dwell in some holy cell,
Or within some Convent's peaceful walls!"

—Then out and spake that proud Lord Abbot,
"Now rest thee, Fair Daughter, withouten fear;
Nor Count nor Duke but shall meet the rebuke
Of Holy Church an he seek thee here;

"Holy Church denieth all search
'Midst her sanctified ewes and her saintly rams;
And the wolves doth mock who would scathe her flock,
Or, especially, worry her little pet lambs.

"Then lay, Fair Daughter, thy fears aside,
For here this day shalt thou dine with me!"—
"Now naye, now naye," the fair maiden cried;
"In sooth, Lord Abbot, that scarce may be!

" Friends would whisper, and foes would frown,
Sith thou art a Churchman of high degree,
And ill mote it match with thy fair renown
That a wandering damsel dine with thee!

" There is Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
With beans and lettuces fair to see;
His lenten fare now let me share,
I pray thee, Lord Abbot, in charitie!"

—" Though Simon the Deacon have pulse in store,
To our patron Saint foul shame it were
Should way-worn guest with toil opprest
Meet in his abbey such churlish fare.

" There is Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
And Roger the Monk shall our convives be;
Small scandal I ween shall then be seen;
They are a goodly companie!"

The Abbot hath donn'd his mitre and ring,
His rich dalmatic, and maniple fine;
And the choristers sing as the lay-brothers bring
To the board a magnificent turkey and chine.

The turkey and chine they were done to a nicety;
Liver, and gizzard, and all were there:
Ne'er mote Lord Abbot pronounce *Benedicite*
Over more luscious or delicate fare.

But no pious stave he, no *Pater* or *Ave*,
Pronounced, as he gazed on that maiden's face:
She asked him for stuffing, she asked him for gravy,
And gizzard; but never once asked him for Grace!

Then gaily the Lord Abbot smiled and prest,
And the blood-red wine in the wine-cup fill'd;
And he help'd his guest to a bit of the breast,
And he sent the drumsticks down to be grill'd.

There was no lack of old Sherris sack,
Of Hippocras fine, or of Malmsey bright;
And aye, as he drained off his cup with a smack,
He grew less pious and more polite.

She pledged him once, and she pledged him twice,
And she drank as a Lady ought not to drink;
And he pressed her hand 'neath the table thrice,
And he winked as an Abbot ought not to wink.

And Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
Sat each with a napkin under his chin;
But Roger the Monk got excessively drunk,
So they put him to bed, and they lock'd him in!

The lay-brothers gaz'd on each other, amaz'd;
And Simon the Deacon, with grief and surprise,
As he peep'd through the key-hole could scarce fancy real
The scene he beheld, or believe his own eyes.

In his ear was ringing the Lord Abbot singing,—
He could not distinguish the words very plain,
But 'twas all about " Cole," and " jolly old Soul,"
And " Fiddlers," and " Punch," and things quite as profane.

Even Porter Paul, at the sound of such revelling,
With fervour began himself to bless;
For he thought he must somehow have sure let the Devil in,—
And perhaps was not very much out in his guess.

The Accusing Byers flew up to Heaven's Chancery,
Blushing like scarlet with shame and concern;
The Archangel took down his tale, and in answer he
Wept—(See the works of the late Mr. Sterne.)

Indeed, it is said, a less taking both were in
When, after a lapse of a great many years,
They book'd Uncle Toby five shillings for swearing,
And blotted the fine out at once with their tears!

But St. Nicholas' agony who may paint?
His senses at first were well-nigh gone;
The beatified Saint was ready to faint
When he saw in his Abbey such sad goings on!

For never, I ween, had such doings been seen
There before, from the time that most excellent Prince,
Earl Baldwin of Flanders, and other Commanders,
Had built and endow'd it some centuries since.

—But, hark!—'tis a sound from the outermost gate!
A startling sound from a powerful blow.
Who knocks so late?—it is half after eight
By the clock, and the clock 's five minutes too slow.

Never, perhaps, had such loud double-raps
Been heard in St. Nicholas' Abbey before;
All agreed "it was shocking to keep people knocking,"
But none seem'd inclined to "answer the door."

Now a louder bang through the cloisters rang,
And the gate on its hinges wide open flew;
And all were aware of a Palmer there,
With his cockle, hat, staff, and his sandal shoe.

Many a furrow, and many a frown,
By toil and time on his brow were traced;
And his long loose gown was of ginger brown,
And his rosary dangled below his waist.

Now seldom, I ween, is such costume seen,
Except at stage-play or masquerade;
But who doth not know it was rather the go
With Pilgrims and Saints in the second Crusade?

With noiseless stride did that Palmer glide
Across the oaken floor;
And he made them all jump, he gave such a thump
Against the Refectory door!

Wide open it flew, and plain to the view
The Lord Abbot they all mote see;
In his hand was a cup, and he lifted it up,
"Here's the Pope's good health with three!!"

Rang in their ears three deafening cheers,
"Huzza! huzza! huzza!"
And one of the party said, "Go it, my hearty!"
When out spake that Pilgrim grey—

A Lay of St Nicholas
George Cruikshank

"A boon, Lord Abbot! a boon! a boon!
Worn is my foot, and empty my scrip;
And nothing to speak of since yesterday noon
Of food, Lord Abbot, hath passed my lip.

"And I am come from a far countree,
And have visited many a holy shrine;
And long have I trod the sacred sod
Where the Saints do rest in Palestine!"—

"An thou art come from a far countree,
And if thou in Paynim lands hast been,
Now rede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Thou Palmer grey, that thine eyes have seen.

"Arede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Grey Palmer, that ever thine eyes did see,
And a manchette of bread, and a good warm bed,
And a cup o' the best shall thy guerdon be!"—

"Oh! I have been east, and I have been west,
And I have seen many a wonderful sight;
But never to me did it happen to see
A wonder like that which I see this night!

"To see a Lord Abbot in rochet and stole,
With Prior and Friar,—a strange mar-velle!—
O'er a jolly full bowl, sitting cheek by jowl,
And hob-nobbing away with a Devil from Hell!"

He felt in his gown of ginger brown,
And he pull'd out a flask from beneath;
It was rather tough work to get out the cork,
But he drew it at last with his teeth.

O'er a pint and a quarter of holy water
He made the sacred sign;
And he dash'd the whole on the *soi-disante* daughter
Of old Plantagenet's line!

Oh! then did she reek, and squeak, and shriek,
With a wild unearthly scream;
And fizzled and hiss'd, and produced such a mist,
They were all half-chok'd by the steam.

Her dove-like eyes turn'd to coals of fire,
Her beautiful nose to a horrible snout,
Her hands to paws with nasty great claws,
And her bosom went in, and her tail came out.

On her chin there appear'd a long Nanny-goat's beard,
And her tusks and her teeth no man mote tell;
And her horns and her hoofs gave infallible proofs
'T was a frightful Fiend from the nethermost Hell!

The Palmer threw down his ginger gown,
His hat and his cockle; and, plain to sight,
Stood St. Nicholas' self, and his shaven crown
Had a glow-worm halo of heav'nly light.

The Fiend made a grasp, the Abbot to clasp;
But St. Nicholas lifted his holy toe,
And, just in the nick, let fly such a kick
On his elderly Namesake, he made him let go.

And out of the window he flew like a shot,
For the foot flew up with a terrible thwack,
And caught the foul demon about the spot
Where his tail joins on to the small of his back.

And he bounded away, like a foot-ball at play,
Till into the bottomless pit he fell slap,
Knocking Mammon the meagre o'er pursy Beephglor,
And Lucifer into Beëlzebub's lap.

Oh! happy the slip from his Succubine grip,
That saved the Lord Abbot, though, breathless with fright,
In escaping he tumbled, and fractured his hip,
And his left leg was shorter thenceforth than his right!

* * * * *

On the banks of the Rhine, as he's stopping to dine,
From a certain Inn-window the traveller is shown
Some picturesque ruins, the scene of these doings,
A few miles up the river, south-east of Cologne.

And, while "*saur kraut*" she sells you, the Landlady tells you
That there, in those walls, now all roofless and bare,
One Simon, a Deacon, from a lean grew a sleek one,
On filling a *çi-devant* Abbot's state chair.

How a *çi-devant* Abbot, all clothed in drab, but
Of texture the coarsest, hair shirt, and no shoes,
(His mitre and ring, and all that sort of thing
Laid aside,) in yon Cave liv'd a pious recluse;

How he rose with the sun, limping "dot and go one"
To yon rill of the mountain, in all sorts of weather,
Where a Prior and a Friar, who liv'd somewhat higher
Up the rock, used to come and eat cresses together;

How a thirsty old codger the neighbours call'd Roger,
With them drank cold water in lieu of old wine!
What its quality wanted he made up in quantity,
Swigging as though he'd fain empty the Rhine!

And how, as their bodily strength fail'd, the mental man
Gain'd tenfold vigour and force in all four:
And how, to the day of their death, the "Old Gentleman"
Never attempted to kidnap them more.

And how, when at length in the odour of sanctity,
All of them died without grief or complaint;
The Monks of St. Nicholas said 'twas ridiculous
Not to suppose every one was a Saint.

And how, in the Abbey no one was so shabby
As not to say yearly four masses a head,
On the eve of that supper, and kick on the crupper
Which Satan received, for the souls of the dead!

How folks long held in reverence their reliques and memories,
How the *çi-devant* Abbot's obtained greater still,
When some cripples, on touching his fractured *os femoris*,
Threw down their crutches, and danced a quadrille.

And how Abbot Simon, (who turn'd out a prime one,)
These words, which grew into a proverb full soon,
O'er the late Abbot's grotto, stuck up as a motto,
"Who suppes wyth the Deuylle sholde haue a long spoone!!"

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

The Handsome Cheap Husband

London, Richard Bentley, Oct. 1, 1838.

# THE HANDSOME CLEAR-STARCHER.

## A LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

We talk of the Goddess of Fashion; but where
Has her Goddesship deigned to be seen?
Though her taste is consulted each day by the fair,
While men of all ages admiringly stare?—
She can be no one else than The Queen.

So, at least, it was erst, when Eliza the Great
Of our isle was the pride and the pet;
For though dress form'd small part of her right royal state,
And she valued alike her proud foes' love and hate,
She was once pleased a fashion to set.

Her sole reason for choosing was what ladies give,—
'T was her pleasure, and that was enough.
But, when once it was seen, none without it could live,
'T would have been all the same if 't were coarse as a sieve,
But the "set" was a fine stiffen'd ruff.

'T was a sort of a "*chevaux-de-frise*"-looking thing,
Such as still in her portraits is drawn,
Encircling her neck in an odd zig-zag ring;
And the model, perhaps, was a church-cherub's wing,
Though 't was form'd of crape, muslin, or lawn.

Or of gossamer, gauze, tissue, leno, blonde, lace,—
If such elegant names were then known
For those air-woven textures that aye find a place
In the toilet of beauty, and still add a grace
When, with taste, they o'er beauties are thrown.

But in those days no throwing was ever allow'd,
"*Négligées*" wer'n't admitted at court;
Where, stately and formal, the fair, well-drest crowd
Moved rustling like peacocks or turkeys so proud,
And look'd even demure at their sport.

Some wore gowns thickly 'broider'd like garlands of May;
All wore stomachers hard as a shield,
Standing upright and stiff, as in martial array,
(Of the march of clear-starching it then was the day,)
And all else but the face was conceal'd.

But the ruff! the white, well-stiffen'd, well clear-starch'd ruff
More than lace, silk, or velvet was prized.
"Its edges," they said, "lik saw should be rough;"
And slanderers declare they their handmaids would cuff
If it was not well starch'd, gumm'd, or sized.

'T is a pity when ladies so pretty allow
Themselves to fall into a pet,
And, in their own boudoirs to "kick up a row,"
About things they 're to wear, with the what, where, or how.
Anger ne'er made a maid pretty yet.

But, alas! in those days some few fair ones were frail,
And their tempers would sometimes rebel:
Though perhaps the great breakfasts of beef-steaks and ale*
Might have heated the blood of the maid of our tale,
And caused what we 've now got to tell.

* The following is an extract from an order of King Henry the Eighth for a daily allowance to a maid of honour in 1522.

"*First.* Every morning at brekefast oon chyne of beyf at our kechyn, oon chete loff and oon maunchet at our panatrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

Her name we don't mention, because it may chance
That she yet hath relations at court:
Suffice it, her beauty was such as romance
For all heroines claims,—she could sing, play, and dance
*A merveille*,—but to dress was her forte,

Or, say, rather her foible; so when ruffs came in,
And good starch rose uncommonly high,
She assured her clear-starcher she cared not a pin
For the price, but her ruffs must be stiff as block-tin;
And the clear-starcher said she would try.

So her ruffs were well-starch'd, dried, and starch'd o'er again,
And both cold and hot-ironed, and prest,
And plaited, et cetera;—but all was in vain,
For she spake naughty words, and declared it was plain
Her "artiste" was a fool like the rest.

Then she tried many others; but all fail'd alike
This most whimsical fair one to please.
Some pleaded their work-folks had "struck up a strike;"
Some swore that the ruffs' points were stiff as a pike:
She declared they were soft as boil'd peas.

She was sadly provoked, and yet dared not rebel
Against fashion's imperious decree;
So, when next her handmaiden desired her to tell
Where her ruffs should be sent, she cried, "Send them to h—,
And the d—l may starch them for me!"

These were very bad words to escape from the lips
Of a lady so handsome and young.
But, when passion's our tyrant, morality trips,
While the tempter keeps watch for such sad naughty slips
As our maiden had made with her tongue.

And, scarce had she spoken, when suddenly came
An odd sort of "Rat! tat!" at her door.
'T was not loud enough quite for a lord or a dame,
Nor yet for her tradesfolk sufficiently tame.
She had ne'er heard such knocking before.

And, of course she felt curious to know what it meant,
So her handmaid immediately ran
To the window; and, when o'er the casement she 'd leant,
Exclaim'd, with an air of exceeding content,
"A remarkably handsome young man!"

The young man, when shewn up, bow'd and smiled with much grace,
And soon, whispering, ventured to say,
"Gentle lady, excuse me, but such is my case
That indeed we must be quite alone face to face.
Do, pray, send your handmaiden away!"

Some signal, no doubt often practised before,
Caused her maid through the doorway to glide,
While the lady, embarrass'd, look'd down on the floor,
And blush'd (perhaps) for a moment, and when that was o'er,
Found the handsome young man at her side.

"*Item*. At dyner a pese of beyf, a stroke of roste, and a reward at our said kechyn, a caste of chete brede at our panatrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

"*Item*. At afternoone a maunchet of brede at our panatrye barr, and half a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

"*Item*. At supper a messe of potage, a pese of mutten, and a reward at our said kechyn, a cast of chete brede at our panatrye, and a galone of ale at our buttrye.

"*Item*. At after supper a chete loff, and a maunchet at our panatrye barr, and half a galone of ale at our seller barr.

The fine figure and face of that singular beau
All comparisons seem'd to defy;
And his dress at all points was completely "the go,"
Yet there still was a something not quite "*comme il faut*"
In the sly wicked glance of his eye.

But his manner was humble, and silvery the tone
Of his voice, as, in euphonic strain,
He said, "Pride of the palace! well worthy the throne!
If legitimate claim were with beauty alone,
All your rivals' pretensions were vain!"

Then (as then was the mode) he the lady compared
To the sun, moon, and stars, and their light:
Nor the heathen mythology's goddesses spared.
Any maiden of our modest days would have stared,
And some, perhaps, have run off in a fright.

But she listen'd, and aye as the flatterer spake
Smiled and gracefully flirted her fan,
And, much wondering what end to his speech he would make,
Sigh'd, and thought, "Though I fear he 's a bit of a rake,
He is really a charming young man!"

The gallant's peroration at length took a turn
That appear'd a most singular whim;
He found fault with her ruff, and declared he could earn
Her applause (since he 'd travelled clear starching to learn)
If she would but entrust one with him.

The request was a strange one. Yet wherefore refuse?
"Well,—pray take one!" she said with a laugh.
"Do your best. It may serve your waste time to amuse.
But it 's really so odd! Have you learnt to black shoes
In your travels? or dye an old scarf?"

"I have learnt many things," was the stranger's reply,
"And you 'll soon find I know quite enough
To fulfil your commission, for certainly I
Can hotpress, et cetera; and so, now, good b' ye,
Till I come back again with your ruff."

The next drawing-room day our fair maiden began
Her court toilet; but all went so-so.
"Ugh!" she cried, "I 'm quite frightful, do all that I can!
There 's nothing so fickle and faithless as man!
What 's become of my clear-starching beau?"

"Ah! my lady!" said Abigail, plastering her hair,
"That young fellow has play'd you a trick,
And stole——" But her mistress cried, "Phoo! I don't care!
If I could get but only *one* ruff fit to wear,
I would don it, though brought by Old Nick."

There 's a proverb that says, "If you speak of some folks
They are sure very soon to appear."
And, while Abigail call'd the beau's visit a hoax,
And his clear-starching one of young gentlemen's jokes,
His odd "Rat! tat!" proclaim'd he was near.

"Then he has not deceived me!" the lady exclaim'd,
"Why don't some of 'em answer the door?
To doubt of his honour you 're much to be blamed.
But I can't see him thus! I should feel quite ashamed.
He must wait till I 'm drest. What a bore!"

"Take this box to your mistress, and make my respects,"
Said the starcher as fierce as a Don,
While he strode down the hall, "and observe she neglects
Not to put on the ruff as my paper directs,
And I 'll settle the plaits when 't is on."

What that paper contain'd is a mystery still,
Since the chronicles only disclose
That she said his request she would strictly fulfil,
And then smiling, exclaim'd, "What a moderate bill?
Well, he must see all right, I suppose."

Then—her toilet completed—her pride was immense.
'T was "a love of a ruff!" she declared,
As it compass'd her neck with its firm triple fence.
Her sole feeling was self-admiration intense,
While her handmaid admiringly stared,

And then cried, "La! I never saw nothing so nice:
What a clever young man that must be!
I suppose, though, he 'll charge an extravagant price?"
"No," her lady replied, "'t was a cunning device!
And he 's no common tradesman, you 'll see.

"The fact is, that he mention'd his charge, and you know
That I 've now no engagement on hand.
At least nothing—quite serious—or likely—and so—
After all—what 's a kiss from a handsome young beau?
Well—be silent—you now understand.

"When he comes to inspect that my ruff sets all well,
Just step out for a minute or two;
Not much longer, because there 's a proverb folks tell,
'Give some people an inch, and they 'll soon take an ell."
"I wish, Miss," said her maid, "I was you."

Then, with looks so demure as might Cerberus bilk,
The young gentleman bow'd himself in.
His dress was embroider'd rich velvet and silk,
His point-lace and kid-gloves were as white as new milk,
And jet-black was the tuft on his chin.

"Fairest lady!" he said, "may I venture to hope
That you deign to approve of my work?
This I 'll venture to say, that such clear-starch and soap
Never stiffen'd a collar for queen, king, or pope,
Nor his most sublime-porte-ship, the Turk."

"And I 've got" (here he smiled) "a particular way,
Which I 'll show you, of finishing off.
Just allow me! Phoo—nonsense! You promised to pay—"
But the lady drew back, frown'd, and said, "Not now, pray!"
And sent Abigail out by a cough.

All that afterward happen'd is dingy as night,
Though her maiden, as maids would of old,
Peep'd and listen'd, at first with a curious delight,
Then grew anxious,—and then was thrown into a fright.
And this was the story she told.

She declared the beau boasted his wonderful knack
Of full-dressing for banquet and ball;
And that, presently after, she heard a loud smack,
And, immediately after, a much louder crack;
Then a shriek that was louder than all.

To her mistress's aid she accordingly ran,
Wondering much what the matter could be;
Since a simple salute from a handsome young man
Never caused such an uproar since kissing began.
But no mistress nor beau could she see!

Both were gone! where and how it was fearful to guess,
As a sulphureous odour remain'd,
While thick smoke still obscured the bay-window's recess,
And, with burnt hoof-like marks, and a cindery mess,
The best carpet was shockingly stain'd.

What occurr'd at the window the smoke might conceal,
Though the maid often vow'd that she saw
What was horrid enough all her blood to congeal,
A long black thing that twisted about like an eel,
And the tips of two horns, and a claw.

But, more certain it is, from that day ne'er again
Did that lady at court reappear,
Nor amid the *beau monde*. All inquiries were vain.
So, though how they eloped must a mystery remain,
What the clear-starcher was, seem'd too clear.

Now, ye ladies of England! young, charming, and fair!
Pray, be warn'd by this maiden's sad fate!
And, whenever strange beaux, gay and handsome, may dare
To approach you with flattering speeches, beware
Lest their falsehood you rue when too late.

Above all, while your hearts are warm, tender, and young,
Let no art of the tempter prevail
To extort a rash promise; since slips of the tongue
O'er fair prospects have often a gloomy veil flung,
And caused ladies' disasters in rhymes to be strung,
As hath chanced to the maid of our tale.

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## THE FORLORN ONE.

Ah! why those piteous sounds of woe,
Lone Wanderer of the dreary night?
Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,
Thy bosom pants in wild affright!

And Thou, within whose iron breast
Those frowns austere too truly tell
Mild Pity, heaven-descended guest,
Hath never, never deign'd to dwell,

That rude, uncivil touch forego,
Stern despot of a fleeting hour!
Nor "make the angels weep" to know
The fond "fantastic tricks" of power!

Know'st thou not "mercy is not strain'd,
But droppeth as the gentle dew,"
And while it blesseth him who gain'd,
It blesseth him who gave it too?

Say what art thou?—and what is he,
Pale victim of despair and pain,
Whose streaming eyes and bended knee
Sue to thee thus—and sue in vain?

Cold, callous man!—he scorns to yield,
Or aught relax his felon gripe,
But answers,—"I 'm Inspector Field!—
And this here Warmint 's prigg'd your wipe!" T. I.

# MR. HIPPSLEY,

## THE ELECTRICAL GENTLEMAN.

"A respectable physician, in the last number of Silliman's Journal, gives the following very curious account of an electrical lady. He states, that on the evening of January 28th, during a somewhat extraordinary display of northern lights, the person in question became so highly charged with electricity as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the ends of her fingers to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomenon, but continued for several months; during which time she was constantly charged, and giving off electrical sparks at every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious, as she could not touch any metallic utensils without first giving off an electric spark, with the consequent twinge. When seated by a stove, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or four a minute. The lady is about thirty, of sedentary pursuits, and a delicate state of health; having for two years previous suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgic affections." —*British Press.*

"This, then, is what I am suffering from," said Mr. Hippsley, putting down the newspaper which contained the above extraordinary account. "I am a walking electrical machine! This is why I am abandoned by my earliest acquaintance; my servants dread to come near me; and my physician no longer feels my pulse, but tells me I am hypocondriac; while, to prevent having anything more to do with such a monster, he assures me that my cure rests in my own hands. My own hands! they are electric points. Oh! this is the worst misery of all! the persecution of destiny cannot plunge me deeper into the gulf of despair. What was the inconvenience of being unable to open my right eye during the whole of last month to being a walking galvanic battery, who cannot pat a child on the head without shocking him; or shake hands with a friend without knocking him down? What was my being incapable of sitting or lying for more than three days, resting myself, like a horse in a stall, against the corner of the room, to my present misfortune? I can't touch a bell-wire without sending an electric shock through the whole lodging-house, and throwing half the members of two respectable families into convulsions. Oh! I shall make away with myself! I can't stand it!" Mr. Hippsley here attempted to draw a bottle of wine; but his hand coming in contact with the corkscrew, a severe spasm seemed to pass through his frame.

"There 's a shock!" exclaimed the unhappy man. "What is to become of me? The least touch of metal brings out those cursed sparks!" and, putting down the bottle, he threw himself into a chair, looking the picture of despondency.

"I *will* see Mr. Hippsley!"

"You can't, ma'am; you can't! Master won't be disturbed: he is not dressed. He said that he wouldn't be shaved, anyhow, till he was made sinsible whedher it 's really hair, or feathers, that 's growing out of his chin."

"Tell Mr. Hippsley his cousin, Mrs. Martha Meddler, wants to see him," answered a loud voice to this refusal of admission on the part of Patrick, who scarcely had time to announce the importunate

# FAMILY STORIES. No. X.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

## GRANDPAPA'S STORY—THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

[Scene, the "Snuggery" at Tappington.—Grandpapa in a high-backed, cane-bottomed elbow-chair of carved walnut-tree, dozing; his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees,—his thumbs slowly perform the rotatory motion described by lexicographers as "twiddling."—The "Hope of the family" astride on a walking-stick, with burnt-cork moustachios, and a pheasant's tail pinned in his cap, solaceth himself with martial music.—Roused by a strain of surpassing dissonance, Grandpapa *loquitur*.]

Come hither, come hither, my little boy, Ned!
Come hither unto my knee—
I cannot away with that horrible din,
That sixpenny drum, and that trumpet of tin.
Oh, better to wander frank and free
Through the Fair of good Saint Bartlemy,
Than list to such awful minstrelsie.
Now lay, little Ned, those nuisances by,
And I 'll rede ye a lay of Grammarye.

[Grandpapa riseth, yawneth like the crater of an extinct volcano, proceedeth slowly to the window, and apostrophizeth the Abbey in the distance.]

I love thy tower, Grey Ruin,
I joy thy form to see,
Though reft of all,
Cell, cloister, and hall,
Nothing is left save a tottering wall,
That, awfully grand and darkly dull,
Threaten'd to fall and demolish my skull,
As, ages ago, I wander'd along
Careless thy grass-grown courts among,
In sky-blue jacket and trowsers laced,
The latter uncommonly short in the waist.
Thou art dearer to me, thou Ruin grey,
Than the Squire's verandah over the way,
And fairer, I ween,
The ivy sheen
That thy mouldering turret binds,
Than the Alderman's house about half a mile off,
With the green Venetian blinds.

Full many a tale would my Grandam tell,
In many a bygone day,
Of darksome deeds, which of old befell
In thee, thou Ruin grey!
And I the readiest ear would lend,
And stare like frighten'd pig;
While my Grandfather's hair would have stood up an end,
Had he not worn a wig.

One tale I remember of mickle dread—
Now lithe and listen, my little boy, Ned!

* * * * *

Thou mayest have read, my little boy Ned,
Though thy mother thine idlesse blames,
In Doctor Goldsmith's history book,
Of a gentleman called King James,
In quilted doublet, and great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches.

Well,—in King James's golden days,—
For the days were golden then,—
They could not be less, for good Queen Bess
Had died aged threescore and ten,
And her days, we know,
Were all of them so;
While the Court poets sung, and the Court gallants swore
That the days were as golden still as before.

Some people, 'tis true, a troublesome few,
Who historical points would unsettle,
Have lately thrown out a sort of a doubt
Of the genuine ring of the metal;
But who can believe to a monarch so wise
People would dare tell a parcel of lies?

—Well, then, in good King James's days,
Golden or not does not matter a jot,
Yon ruin a sort of a roof had got;
For, though repairs lacking, its walls had been cracking
Since Harry the Eighth sent its friars a-packing.
Though joists and floors,
And windows and doors,
Had all disappear'd, yet pillars by scores
Remain'd, and still propp'd up a ceiling or two;
While the belfry was almost as good as new;
You are not to suppose matters look'd just so
In the Ruin some two hundred years ago.

Just in that farthermost angle, where
You see the remains of a winding stair,
One turret especially high in air
Uprear'd its tall gaunt form,
As if defying the power of Fate, or
The hand of "Time the Innovator;"
And though to the pitiless storm
Its weaker brethren all around
Bowing, in ruin had strew'd the ground,
Alone it stood, while its fellows lay strew'd,
Like a four-bottle man in a company "screw'd,"
Not firm on his legs, but by no means subdued.

One night—'twas in Sixteen hundred and six—
I like when I can, Ned, the date to fix,—
The month was May,
Though I can't well say
At this distance of time the particular day—
But oh! that night, that horrible night!
Folks ever afterwards said with affright
That they never had seen such a terrible sight.

The Sun had gone down fiery red,
And if that evening he laid his head
In Thetis's lap beneath the seas,
He must have scalded the goddess's knees.

He left behind him a lurid track
Of blood-red light upon clouds so black,
That Warren and Hunt, with the whole of their crew,
Could scarcely have given them a darker hue.

There came a shrill and a whistling sound,
Above, beneath, beside, and around,
Yet leaf ne'er moved on tree!
So that some people thought old Beelzebub must
Have been lock'd out of doors, and was blowing the dust
From the pipe of his street-door key.
And then a hollow moaning blast
Came sounding more dismally still than the last,
And the lightning flash'd, and the thunder growl'd,
And louder and louder the tempest howl'd,
And the rain came down in such sheets as would stagger a
Bard for a simile short of Niagara.

Rob Gilpin "was a citizen;"
But, though of some "renown,"
Of no great "credit" in his own,
Or any other town.

He was a wild and roving lad,
For ever in the alehouse boozing,
Or romping, which is quite as bad,
With female friends of his own choosing.

And Rob this very day had made,
Not dreaming such a storm was brewing,
An assignation with Miss Slade,—
Their trysting-place this same grey Ruin.

But Gertrude Slade became afraid,
And to keep her appointment unwilling,
When she spied the rain on her window-pane
In drops as big as a shilling;
She put off her hat and her mantle again,—
"He 'll never expect me in all this rain!"

But little he recks of the fears of the sex,
Or that maiden false to her tryst could be.
He had stood there a good half hour
Ere yet commenced that perilous shower,
Alone by the trysting-tree.

Robin looks east, Robin looks west,
But he sees not her whom he loves the best;
Robin looks up, and Robin looks down,
But no one comes from the neighbouring town.

The storm came at last, loud roar'd the blast,
And the shades of evening fell thick and fast;
The tempest grew, and the straggling yew,
His leafy umbrella, was wet through and through.
Rob was half dead with cold and with fright,
When he spies in the ruins a twinkling light—
A hop, two skips, and a jump, and straight
Rob stands within that postern gate.

And there were gossips sitting there,
By one, by two, by three:

Two were an old, ill-favour'd pair;
But the third was young, and passing fair,
With laughing eyes and with coal-black hair,
A daintie quean was she.
Rob would have given his ears to sip
But a single salute from her cherry lip.

As they sat in that old and haunted room,
In each one's hand was a huge birch broom,
On each one's head was a steeple-crown'd hat,
On each one's knee was a coal-black cat;
Each had a kirtle of Lincoln green—
It was, I trow, a fearsome scene.

"Now riddle me, riddle me right, Madge Gray,
What foot unhallow'd wends this way?
Goody Price, Goody Price, now areed me aright,
Who roams the old ruins this drearysome night?"

Then up and spake that sonsie quean,
And she spake both loud and clear:
"Oh, be it for weal or be it for woe,
Enter friend, or enter foe,
Rob Gilpin is welcome here!

"Now tread we a measure! a hall! a hall!
Now tread we a measure," quoth she—
The heart of Robin
Beat thick and throbbing—
"Roving Rob, tread a measure with me?"—
"Aye, lassie!" quoth Rob, as her hand he gripes,
"Though Satan himself were blowing the pipes!"

Now around they go, and around, and around,
With hop-skip-and-jump, and frolicsome bound,
Such sailing and gliding,
Such sinking and sliding,
Such lofty curvetting,
And grand pirouetting;
Ned, you would swear that Monsieur Albert
And Miss Taglioni were capering there!

And oh! such awful music!—ne'er
Fell sounds so uncanny on mortal ear.
There were the tones of a dying man's groans,
Mix'd with the rattling of dead men's bones:
Had you heard the shrieks, and the squeals, and the squeaks,
You 'd not have forgotten the sound for weeks.

And around, and around, and around they go,
Heel to heel, and toe to toe,
Prance and caper, curvet and wheel,
Toe to toe, and heel to heel.
"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, Cummers, I trow,
To dance thus beneath the nightshade bough!"—

"Goody Price, Goody Price, now riddle me right,
Where may we sup this frolicsome night?"—
"Mine Host of the Dragon hath mutton and veal!
The Squire hath partridge, and widgeon, and teal;
But old Sir Thopas hath daintier cheer,
A pasty made of the good red deer,

A huge grouse pie, and a fine Florentine,
A fat roast goose, and a turkey and chine."
" Madge Gray, Madge Gray,
Now tell me, I pray,
Where's the best wassail bowl to our roundelay?"

" —There is ale in the cellars of Tappington Hall,
But the Squire* is a churl, and his drink is small;
Mine host of the Dragon
Hath many a flaggon
Of double ale, lamb's-wool, and *eau de vie*,
But Sir Thopas, the Vicar,
Hath costlier liquor,—
A butt of the choicest *Malvoisie*.
He doth not lack
Canary or Sack;
And a good pint stoup of Clary wine
Smacks merrily off with a Turkey and Chine!"

" Now away! and away! without delay,
Hey *Cockalorum!* my Broomstick gay,
We must be back ere the dawn of the day:
Hey up the chimney! away! away!"
Old Goody Price
Mounts in a trice,
In showing her legs she is not over nice;
Old Goody Jones,
All skin and bones,
Follows " like winking." Away go the crones,
Knees and nose in a line with the toes,
Sitting their brooms like so many Ducrows;
Latest and last
The damsel past,
One glance of her coal-black eye she cast;
She laugh'd with glee loud laughters three,
" Dost fear, Rob Gilpin, to ride with me!"
Oh, never might man unscath'd espy
One single glance from that coal-black eye.
—Away she flew!—
Without more ado
Rob seizes and mounts on a broomstick too,
" Hey! up the chimney, lass! Hey after you!"

It 's a very fine thing on a fine day in June
To ride through the air in a Nassau Balloon;
But you 'll find very soon, if you aim at the Moon
In a carriage like that you 're a bit of a " Spoon,"
For the largest can't fly
Above twenty miles high,
And you 're not half way then on your journey, nor nigh;
While no man alive
Could ever contrive,
Mr. Green said last month, to get higher than five.
And the soundest Philosophers hold that, perhaps,
If you reach'd twenty miles your balloon would collapse,

* Stephen Ingoldsby, surnamed " The Niggard," second cousin and successor to " The Bad Sir Giles." (Visitation of Kent, 1666.) For an account of his murder by burglars, and their subsequent execution, see Dodsley's " Remarkable Trials, &c." Lond. 1776, vol. ii. p. 264, and Bentley's Miscellany, vol. iii. page 299, Art. " Hand of Glory."

Or pass by such action
The sphere of attraction,
Getting into the track of some comet—Good-lack!
'T is a thousand to one that you 'd never come back;
And the boldest of mortals a danger like that must fear,
And be cautious of getting beyond our own atmosphere.
No, no; when I try
A trip to the sky,
I shan't go in that thing of yours, Mr. Gye,
Though Messieurs Monk Mason, and Spencer, and Beazly,
All join in saying it travels so easily.
No, there 's nothing so good
As a pony of wood—
Not like that which of late they stuck up on the gate
At the end of the Park, which caus'd so much debate,
And gave so much trouble to make it stand straight,
But a regular Broomstick—you 'll find that the favourite
Above all, when, like Robin, you haven't to pay for it.
—Stay—really I dread
I am losing the thread
Of my tale; and it 's time you should be in your bed,
So lithe now, and listen, my little boy Ned!

* * * * *

The Vicarage walls are lofty and thick,
And the copings are stone, and the sides are brick,
The casements are narrow, and bolted and barr'd,
And the stout oak door is heavy and hard;
Moreover, by way of additional guard,
A great big dog runs loose in the yard,
And a horse-shoe is nail'd on the threshold sill,
To keep out aught that savours of ill,—
But, alack! the chimney-pot 's open still!

That great big dog begins to quail,
Between his hind-legs he drops his tail,
Crouch'd on the ground, the terrified hound
Gives vent to a very odd sort of a sound;
It is not a bark, loud, open, and free,
As an honest old watch-dog's bark should be;
It is not a yelp, it is not a growl,
But a something between a whine and a howl;
And, hark! a sound from the window high
Responds to the watch-dog's pitiful cry:
It is not a moan,
It is not a groan;
It comes from a nose; but is not what a nose
Produces in healthy and sound repose.
Yet Sir Thopas the Vicar is fast asleep,
And his respirations are heavy and deep.

He snores, 'tis true, but he snores no more
As he 's aye been accustom'd to snore before,
And as men of his kidney are wont to snore;—
(Sir Thopas's weight is sixteen stone four;)
He draws his breath like a man distrest
By pain or grief, or like one opprest
By some ugly old Incubus perch'd on his breast.
A something seems
To disturb his dreams,

And thrice on his ear, distinct and clear,
Falls a voice as of somebody whispering near
In still small accents, faint and few,
"Hey down the chimney-pot! Hey after you!"

Throughout the Vicarage, near and far,
There is no lack of bolt or of bar,
Plenty of locks
To closet and box,
Yet the pantry wicket is standing ajar!
And the little low door, through which you must go,
Down some half-dozen steps, to the cellar below,
Is also unfasten'd, though no one may know,
By so much as a guess, how it comes to be so,
For wicket and door,
The evening before,
Were both of them lock'd, and the key safely placed
On the bunch that hangs down from the Housekeeper's waist.

Oh! 'twas a jovial sight to view
In that snug little cellar that frolicsome crew:
Old Goody Price
Had got something nice,
A turkey-poult larded with bacon and spice;
Old Goody Jones
Would touch nought that had bones,—
She might just as well mumble a parcel of stones.
Goody Jones in sooth hath got never a tooth,
And a New-College pudding of marrow and plums
Is the dish of all others that suiteth her gums.

Madge Gray was picking
The breast of a chicken,
Her coal-black eye, with its glance so sly,
Was fix'd on Rob Gilpin himself, sitting by
With his heart full of love, and his mouth full of pie;
Grouse pie, with hare
In the middle, is fare
Which, duly concocted with science and care,
Doctor Kitchener says, is beyond all compare;
And a tenderer leveret
Robin had never ate;
So, in after times, oft he was wont to asseverate.

"Now pledge we the wine-cup!—a health! a health!
Sweet are the pleasures obtain'd by stealth!
Fill up! fill up!—the brim of the cup
Is the part that aye holdeth the toothsomest sup!
Here 's to thee, Goody Price! Goody Jones, to thee!
To thee, Roving Rob! and again to me!
Many a sip, never a slip
Come to us four 'twixt the cup and the lip!"

The cups pass quick,
The toasts fly thick,
Rob tries in vain out their meaning to pick,
But hears the words "Scratch," and "Old Bogey," and "Nick."
More familiar grown,
Now he stands up alone,
Volunteering to give them a toast of his own.
"A bumper of wine!
Fill thine! Fill mine!
Here 's a health to old Noah who planted the Vine!"

Oh then what sneezing,
What coughing and wheezing,
Ensued in a way that was not over pleasing!
Goody Price, Goody Jones, and the pretty Madge Gray,
All seem'd as their liquor had gone the wrong way.

But the best of the joke was, the moment he spoke
Those words which the party seem'd almost to choke,
As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke,
Every soul in the house at that instant awoke!
And, hearing the din from barrel and bin,
Drew at once the conclusion that thieves had got in.

Up jump'd the Cook and caught hold of her spit;
Up jump'd the Groom and took bridle and bit;
Up jump'd the Gardener and shoulder'd his spade;
Up jump'd the Scullion, the Footman, the Maid;
(The two last, by the way, occasion'd some scandal,
By appearing together with only one candle,
Which gave for unpleasant surmises some handle;)
Up jump'd the Swineherd, and up jump'd the big boy,
A nondescript under him acting as pig boy;
Butler, Housekeeper, Coachman—from bottom to top
Everybody jump'd up without parley or stop,
With the weapon which first in their way chanced to drop,—
Whip, warming-pan, wig-block, mug, musket, and mop.

Last of all doth appear,
With some symptoms of fear,
Sir Thopas in person to bring up the rear,
In a mix'd kind of costume, half *Pontificalibus*,
Half what scholars denominate Pure *Naturalibus*,
Nay, the truth to express,
As you 'll easily guess,
They have none of them time to attend much to dress;
But He or She,
As the case may be,
He or She seizes what He or She pleases,
Trunk-hosen or kirtles, and shirts or chemises.
And thus one and all, great and small, short and tall,
Muster at once in the Vicarage hall,
With upstanding locks, starting eyes, shorten'd breath,
Like the folks in the Gallery Scene in Macbeth,
When Macduff is announcing their Sovereign's death.

And hark! what accents clear and strong,
To the listening throng come floating along!
'Tis Robin encoring himself in a song—
"Very good song! very well sung!
Jolly companions every one!"

On, on to the cellar! away! away!
On, on, to the cellar without more delay!
The whole *posse* rush onwards in battle array.
Conceive the dismay of the party so gay,
Old Goody Jones, Goody Price, and Madge Gray,
When the door bursting wide, they descried the allied
Troops, prepared for the onslaught, roll in like a tide,
And the spits, and the tongs, and the pokers beside!—
"Boot and saddle 's the word! mount, Cummers, and ride!"
Alarm was ne'er caused more strong and indigenous
By cats among rats, or a hawk in a pigeon-house,

Quick from the view
Away they all flew,
With a yell, and a screech, and a halliballoo,
"Hey up the chimney! Hey after you!"
The Volscians themselves made an exit less speedy
From Corioli, "flutter'd like doves" by Macready.

They are gone, save one,
Robin alone!
Robin, whose high state of civilization
Precludes all idea of aërostation,
And who now has no notion
Of more locomotion
Than suffices to kick with much zeal and devotion.
Right and left at the party who pounc'd on their victim,
And maul'd him, and kick'd him, and lick'd him, and prick'd him,
As they bore him away scarce aware what was done,
And believing it all but a part of the fun,
Hic—hiccoughing out the same strain he'd begun,
"Jol—jolly companions, every one!"

* * * * *

Morning grey
Scarce bursts into day
Ere at Tappington Hall there 's the deuce to pay,
The tables and chairs are all placed in array
In the old oak-parlour, and in and out
Domestics and neighbours, a motley rout,
Are walking, and whispering, and standing about,
And the Squire is there
In his large arm-chair,
Leaning back with a grave magisterial air;
In the front of his seat a
Huge volume, called Fleta,
And Bracton, both tomes of an old-fashion'd look,
And Coke upon Lyttleton, then a new book;
And he moistens his lips
With occasional sips
From a luscious sack-posset that smiles in a tankard
Close by on a side-table—not that he drank hard,
But because at that day
I hardly need say
The Hong Merchants had not yet invented How Qua,
Nor as yet would you see Souchong or Bohea
At the tables of persons of any degree:
How our ancestors managed to do without tea
I must fairly confess is a myst'ry to me;
Yet your Lydgates and Chaucers
Had no cups and saucers;
Their breakfast, in fact, and the best they could get,
Was a sort of a *dejeuner a la fourchette.*
Instead of our slops
They had cutlets and chops,
And sack-possets and ale in stoups, tankards, and pots,
And they wound up the meal with rumpsteaks and schalots.

Now the Squire lifts his hand
With an air of command,
And gives them a sign which they all understand,
To bring in the culprit; and straightway the carter
And huntsman drag in that unfortunate martyr,
Still kicking and crying, "Come,—what are you arter?"

The charge is prepared, and the evidence clear,
" He was caught in the cellar a-drinking the beer!
And came there, there 's very great reason to fear,
With companions, to say but the least of them, queer;
Such as Witches, and creatures
With horrible features,
And horrible grins,
And hook'd noses and chins,
Who 'd been playing the deuce with his Rev'rence's binns."

The face of his worship grows graver and graver,
As the parties detail Robin's shameful behaviour;
Mister Buzzard, the clerk, while the tale is reciting,
Sits down to reduce the affair into writing,
With all proper diction,
And due " legal fiction;"
Viz: " That he, the said prisoner, as clearly was shown,
Conspiring with folks to deponents unknown,
With divers, that is to say, two thousand, people,
In two thousand hats, each hat peak'd like a steeple,
With force and with arms,
And with sorcery and charms,
Upon two thousand brooms
Enter'd four thousand rooms;
To wit, two thousand pantries and two thousand cellars,
Put in bodily fear twenty thousand indwellers,
And with sundry, that is to say, two thousand, forks,
Drew divers, that is to say, ten thousand, corks,
And, with malice prepense, down their two thousand throttles,
Emptied various, that is to say, ten thousand, bottles;
All in breach of the peace, moved by Satan's malignity,
And in spite of King James, and his Crown and his Dignity."

At words so profound
Rob gazes around,
But no glance sympathetic to cheer him is found.
No glance, did I say?
Yes, one!—Madge Gray!—
She is there in the midst of the crowd standing by,
And she gives him one glance from her coal-black eye,
One touch to his hand, and one word to his ear,—
(That 's a line which I 've stolen from Sir Walter, I fear,)—
While nobody near
Seems to see her or hear;
As his worship takes up, and surveys with a strict eye
The broom now produced as the *corpus delicti*,
Ere his fingers can clasp,
It is snatch'd from his grasp,
The end poked in his chest with a force makes him gasp,
And, despite the decorum so due to the *Quorum*,
His worship 's upset, and so too is his jorum;
And Madge is astride on the broomstick before 'em.
" *Hocus Pocus!* Quick, *Presto!* and *Hey Cockalorum!*
Mount, mount for your life, Rob!—Sir Justice, adieu!—
Hey up the chimney-pot! hey after you!"

Through the mystified group,
With a halloo and whoop,
Madge on the pommel, and Robin *en croupe*,
The pair through the air ride as if in a chair,
While the party below stand mouth open and stare,

" Clean bumbaized" and amazed, and fix'd, all in the room stick,
" Oh! what 's gone with Robin, and Madge, and the broomstick?"
Ay, " what 's gone" indeed, Ned?—of what befell
Madge Gray and the broomstick I never heard tell;
But Robin was found that morn, on the ground,
In yon old grey ruin again, safe and sound,
Except that at first he complain'd much of thirst,
And a shocking bad head-ache, of all ills the worst,
And close by his knee
A flask you might see,
But an empty one smelling of *eau de vie*.

Rob from this hour is an alter'd man;
He runs home to his lodgings as fast as he can,
Sticks to his trade,
Marries Miss Slade,
Becomes a Te-totaller—that is the same
As Te-totallers now, one in all but the name;
Grows fond of Small-beer, which is always a steady sign,
Never drinks spirits except as a medicine;
Learns to despise
Coal-black eyes,
Minds pretty girls no more than so many Guys;
Has a family, lives to be sixty, and dies!

Now my little boy Ned,
Brush off to your bed,
Tie your night-cap on safe, or a napkin instead,
Or these November nights you 'll catch cold in your head;
And remember my tale, and the moral it teaches,
Which you 'll find much the same as what Solomon preaches.
Don't flirt with young ladies! don't practise soft speeches;
Avoid waltzes, quadrilles, pumps, silk hose, and knee-breeches;
Frequent not grey ruins, shun riot and revelry,
Hocus Pocus, and Conj'ring, and all sorts of devilry;
Don't meddle with broomsticks,—they 're Beelzebub's switches;
Of cellars keep clear,—they 're the devil's own ditches;
And beware of balls, banquettings, brandy, and—witches!
Don't run after black eyes, above all!—if you do,
Depend on 't you 'll find what I say will come true,
Old Nick, some fine morning, will " hey after you!"

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

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## *WILL*-ING MOURNERS.

'TIS rich old Hunks's burial day,
And friends have round him swarm'd—
How joyfully his heirs will play
At " Funerals perform'd!"
For they 've no fears of fond hearts breaking
At such " a pleasant UNDERTAKING!"

## TOUJOURS GAI.

### THE FRENCH OR ENGLISH.

"If they have a fault, it is that they are too serious," so says Sterne of the French; though he does not give us, or the Count, in his Sentimental Journey, the promised explanation of his meaning; but it is curious, with the received and vulgar opinion that the French are a gay and frivolous people, that we should have the recorded judgment of so many celebrated men that they have been in all times a serious nation. The Roman Emperor Julian, long a resident at the primitive Paris, and by nature sad, declared the gravity of the inhabitants of his dear Lutetia pleased him; the essayist, Jouy, and the traveller, Kotzebue, have remarked this spirit of melancholy in the French.

It is the more curious that this gaiety and frivolity is always spoken of in contrast with the dulness and sobriety of their neighbours, the English; yet when the manners and habits of the respective people are observed, it is difficult to say why this should have become so common an assertion. It is indeed difficult to say what are characteristics of a nation; what makes gaiety, frivolity, and their contraries, melancholy, seriousness, dulness, and gravity, when so many of the latter qualities appear to belong to the French: so many of the former to the English. The two nations are, nevertheless, classed almost without exception under the opposite categories.

Perhaps the character of a people cannot be better taken than from their public amusements, and this especially applies to the French, who devote so much of their time to them. Sir Walter Scott says it is remarkable that the French, thought to be a gay and lively people, should have a drama, which no other nation can bear for its dulness, the tedium of its dialogue, and the slowness of its plot. Dryden makes the same observation on the French Theatre; but the classic drama which Walter Scott and Dryden allude to has ceased to be in vogue. The performances of Thespis are now based upon a much broader foundation, and the new school of the romanticists, in opposition to the classics, has established itself. The French, however, still attend the heaviest representations at the Theatre Français, conversations, called comedies, and tragedies which progress in rhyme, and end *à l'etiquette*. They still admire the mellowness of their verse, which takes away from the force of the sentiment, and from all power and nature in the acting. Given up to the licence of the romanticists, they delight in an assemblage of horrors, and in a voluptuous excess of guilt. Everybody has either heard of, read, or seen, La Tour de Nesle, and Lucrece Borgia. Pieces of this description are constantly succeeding, though no longer so well written. Clotilde, a tragedy, in which Mademoiselle Mars performed at the Theatre Français, was equal to any of the productions of the Porte St. Martin; and the tone given by these two play-houses for so long a period has pervaded all the minor and Vaudeville theatres. The time has been when it was not possible to choose an entertainment without tragedy; and sometimes the theatre devoted to farces would play all sad and affecting pieces: the Vaudeville, "Le duel sous le Cardinal Richelieu," and "Un de plus;" the Ambigue, "Fils de l'Empereur;" the Theatre de la

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